Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN

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AND A MAP IN THIS NUMBER

BY FREDERICK PALMER

JUNE 3 1905 \$9 My '05

VOL XXXV NO 10

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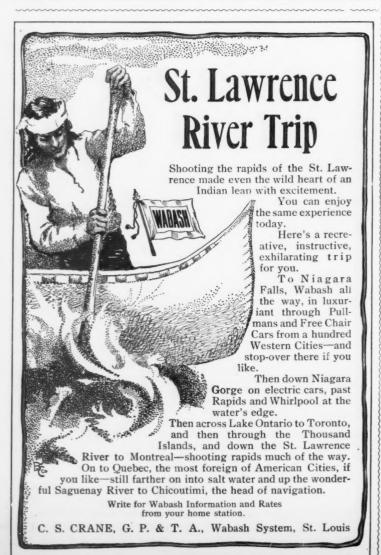
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NEW YORK SATURDAY JUNE 3 1905

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THE \$1,000 PRIZE SHORT STORY

"In the Promised Land," by Raymond M. Alden, will appear in next week's COLLIER'S. This is the third and last of the stories which were awarded prizes in the recent short story contest and was the only one concerning whose merits and ranking the judges agreed.

"Short scenes and bits of dialogue come so near to being flashes of that light which we call genius that they stamp themselves on the memory."

A QUARTERLY SHORT STORY CONTEST

Four Prizes of \$1,000

Will be awarded during the year June 1, 1905 — June 1, 1906, as follows:

\$1,000 for the Best Story received between June 1 and Sept. 1, 1905 \$1,000 for the Best Story received between Sept. 1 and Dec. 1, 1905 \$1,000 for the Best Story received between Dec. 1 and Mar. 1, 1906 \$1,000 for the Best Story received between Mar. 1 and June 1, 1906

CONDITIONS

The quarterly bonus which COLLER'S proposes to inaugurate June 1, 1905, is not in payment for a story, but purely in addition to the price. All manuscripts must be submitted in the usual way and will be passed upon by the editors of COLLER's as to their availability for use in the Weekly. Stories about which no doubt exists will be accepted or rejected within two weeks after their receipt. Cases of doubt may require further consideration.

Every story accepted for use in the Weekly will be paid for at a minimum rate of five cents a word at the time of acceptance. Authors who have an established price above that amount will receive their rate.

M. All accepted stories become competitors for the prize of \$1,000 for that quarter during which the story is sent to this office. The ac-cepted stories in each quarter will be submitted to a committee of three judges, to be named here-after.

Every manuscript must bear the full name and address of the author. Accepted stories will be put in type, and proofs that do not contain the name of the author will be submitted to the judges, so that the latter will reach their decision without knowledge of the authorship of the successful story.

Although the Fiction Department of Col-LIER'S will of course know the names of the writers of accepted stories, identity of the authors will be concealed from the judges who are to award the \$1,000 premium.

the \$1,000 premium.

If Stories, to be eligible for a prize, must not be over six thousand words in length. They may be as short as the writer chooses.

If All manuscripts must be typewritten, or written in a legible hand, and on one side of the paper only. They must be folded or laid flat in their envelopes; never rolled. Manus ripts that do not comply with these conditions will not be considered.

considered.

All manuscripts for each quarterly prize may be mailed on the first day or any later day of the quarter. That is, although a story may reach us a week later than the last day of the quarter, if the envelope is postmarked prior to that date, the manuscript will be considered eligible for that

M. Although every possible precaution will be taken to ensure their safe return, all manuscripts are sent at the author's risk.

The stories should be addressed to the Fiction Department of COLLER's, 416 W. 13th St., New York. Return postage must accompany every manuscript.

\$100 for a PHOTOGRAPH

In order to secure for COLLER's the best news photographs a monthly prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded (in addition to the purchase price of the photograph itself) for the best news picture published during the month. This offer is open to amateurs as well as to professionals. The only conditions are as follows:

The photographs must be pictures of news events. By news events is meant actual occur-rences, or snapshots of individuals concerned in the affairs of the day.

All photographs must be sent flat, not rolled, addressed to the Art Editor, Collier's, 416 W. 13th St., New York.

The name and address of the sender, with a full description of the event pictured, must be written on the reverse side of every photograph. Return postage must be inclosed.

Photographs, if unavailable, will be returned without delay. All pictures that are found available will be paid for at once at the regular rates.

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she had on "The Road to Wellville." She says:

"I drank coffee freely for eight years before I began to perceive any evil effects from it. Then I noticed that I was becoming very nervous, and that my stomach was gradually losing the power to properly assimilate my food. In time I got so weak that I dreaded to leave the house—for no reason whatever but because of the miserable condition of my nerves and stomach. I attributed the trouble to anything in the world but coffee, of course. I dosed myself with medicines, which in the end would leave me in a worse condition than at first. I was most wretched and discouraged—not 30 years old and feeling that life was a failure!

failure!

"I had given up all hope of ever enjoying myself like other people, till one day I read the little book "The Road to Wellwille." It opened my eyes, and taught me a lesson I shall never forget and cannot value too highly. I immediately quit the use of the old kind of coffee and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. I noticed the heginning of an improvement in gan to drink Postum Food Coffee. I noticed the beginning of an improvement in the whole tone of my system, after only two days use of the new drink, and in a very short time realized that I could go about like other people without the least return of the nervous dread that formerly gave me so much trouble. In fact my nervousness disappeared entirely and has never returned, although it is now a year that I have been drinking Postum Food Coffee. And my stomach is now like iron—nothing can upset it!

Coffee. And my stomach is now like iron—nothing can upset it!

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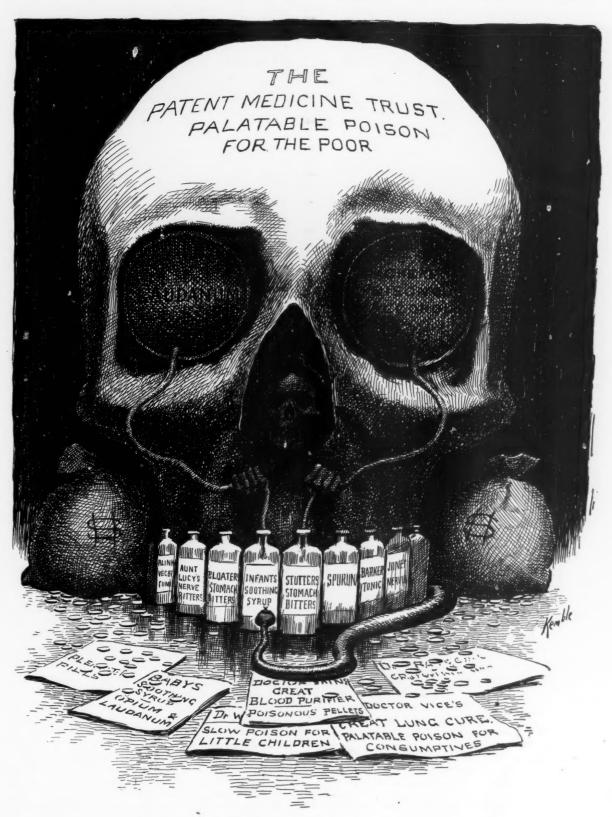
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Colliers THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



DEATH'S LABORATORY

Patent medicines are poisoning people throughout America to-day. Babies who cry are fed laudanum under the name of syrup. Women are led to injure themselves for life by reading in the papers about the meaning of backache. Young men and boys are robbed and contaminated by vicious criminals who lure them to their dens through seductive advertisements



ANAMA HAS PROMISED DIFFICULTIES of many sorts. So large a job could hardly be finished without assorted trouble. A Japanese commission reached unfavorable conclusions about sanitary conditions. The labor problem is an unsolved one. But the first difficulty to take dramatic form was the one about the purchase of materials. The stand-patters are strong in the land. Tariff revisionists may be increasing in numbers, but we doubt whether they are yet really formidable. The President, leaning toward revision, has shown no great wish to fight that issue. It really wasn't raised necessarily by the Panama question. A private American contractor TARIFFS AND THE duties, as he could not when doing work in this country. The position taken by Secretary TAFT and Mr. ROOSEVELT did not challenge the protective principle, but it did call some of its consequences sharply to people's attention, which displeased some of the pigs whose feet are satisfied with the trough. Its trust favors are the tariff's most vulnerable side. If Congress orders the Administration to buy steel rails from the trust for several dollars a ton more than the trust sells them for abroad, there is likely to be some public noise.

Probably the astute leaders will find some method of avoiding an open conflict, for the tariff is a subject on which comparatively few politicians are spoiling for a fight.

THE GENERAL HOSTILITY to large corporations is due considerably to the cold greed of many. Such a spectacle as the defiance of public opinion in Philadelphia by legislators in league with lobbyists is enough to enrage thousands with large business enterprises in general. All suffer more or less for each. Péople can not see Philadelphia gas men and their lawyers engaged in bribing aldermen to sell out their constituents without swinging decidedly away from the system of allowing private individuals privil ges which they so abuse. Chicago will naturally feel justified by the troubles in Philadelphia. The most hopeful thing in the Philadelphia situation is the yell. Although her condition is still one to make self-government a farce, she does not seem quite so contented as when Mr. Steffens fastened that adjective on her, and no doubt his criti-PHILADELPHIA cism had something to do with her discontent at

being sold out by her representatives, for the higher journalism is doing at least a little to stir up the worst spots in our public life. We observe in passing that Governor Penny-Packer signed the bill for spending thousands of the people's money upon a statue to the sacred memory of Matthew Stanley Quay. Some of our correspondence on this topic has been of a nature to discourage less buoyant natures than our own. One gentleman writes that he will be present at the unveiling, and opines that we are green with envy of a State so fortunate in the hero whom she honors. "The State is doing right," says he, "and the acclaim from every land and clime, wherever we are, on God's earthly footstool, is one grand yea and amen." How many similar citizens has Philadelphia, and how many the noble State of Pennsylvania?

NOW THAT THE GOVERNOR of Wisconsin, having won his victory on the rate bill, is free to go to Washington in the autumn, we may be assured of added interest in the Senate. Governor La Follette will be an outsider, and the Senate, conducted like a large club, makes it unpleasant for members who are distasteful to the majority. In the contest which seems inevitable between the two Senators from Wisconsin, Mr. Spooner will have in his favor all the machinery of harmony and give and take which marks our upper chamber. Mr. La Follette will have on his side his superiority in taking hard slugging with no desire to quit and the domination

which he has acquired over the voters of his State. That any concord can be arranged between these seasoned antagonists is not to be expected. The Senate is likely before many years to be closed to one of them. When there was talk of Secretary Hay's resignation, some rumors gave the State Department to Mr. Spooner, who would have brought to it the highest ability, if not the requisite social manner; but there seems to be for him no real alternative to the Senate except private practice. He often complains of public life, and speaks longingly of the advantages of law, but we often see the evil

in what we could not willingly abandon. Mr. Spooner, as first in pure ability among our Senators, would be missed; and it is rather a pity that the chamber will be so uncomfortable a place for him and his colleague to occupy together.

MR. LAWSON'S FINAL CONTRIBUTION to the controversy which has been waged in Collier's is so brief that it seems to fit more readily into the editorial pages than elsewhere in the paper, and, moreover, it is so affable and attractive that we are glad to extend to it an editorial welcome. It is full of that verve and Irish impulse which have done much to increase his power by winning the hearts of the people. Warmth and abandonment of manner are popular qualities, and no wonder, for they are the sunshine of human nature. Mr. Lawson's wire said:

"Have just finished reading your reply, and with this, my rejoinder, I close the incident from my side, too. I am sorry I replied to your attack. Had I been bigger, more to my ideal of a man, I would have passed it by. Had I been manlier, more to my ideal of a fighter, I would have left out my slur as to your motive. I am ashamed I wrote it, and I apologize to you, as I do not, and did not when I wrote it, believe it was your motive. All in all, I have pained my self more than you have pained me. May I, too, offer a toast? 'Here's to you, may you live long and prosper, even though with honest intent you skin and pickle the pelts of all those whose hearts are beyond your reading, and whose motives are beyond the understanding of all but Him who made man so imperfect that he would always have an incentive to keep from rolling off this sunshiny, honey-laden ball.'"

The generosity of this was so attractive that Mr. Lawson's opponent wrote him a note of appreciation, and received an answer saying that he would be glad to have us do anything we can to set him right in his own eyes. For our readers this filling out of the picture with the softer light can be done best in his own picturesque phraseology. We are glad of his real views, but still more eager to have every side of him justly presented. The following are extracts from his letter:

"I received your note, and it completed my misery. I felt all along I had hit below the belt, not only in the slur about motive, but in the meaner one where I slurred your work. You were all wrong in your article; I am not the chap you printed, and it made me so unhappy and 'bad' that I forgot and gouged and—bit. You were right in your subject—I am a liar. I lied when I said your work was second-hand opinion and quite unimportant. I not only consider it important, but so good that I never miss it, and this fact more than anything else made me feel your cuts. However, I can only say that what is your loss is the other fellow's gain, for I'll never go off half-cocked again. Trusting you will find an opening somewhere in the future—and I leave lots of them in my wake—where you can fairly give me a lambasting, believe me, yours, very regretfully, etc."

Certainly nobody can read such sentences and not imbibe a liking for the writer, but Mr. Lawson's attractions of personality speak for themselves more exactly than any comment of ours would be likely to name them. It is in keeping now for us to repeat an observation made before, that the world is a more brightly colored place because of Mr. Lawson's presence in it. It is pleasant also to have an argument cease in this key, even as, after a bout between two boxers, it is an agreeable custom that requires a handshake greeting before the late opponents leave the ring.

THIS IS MR. LAWSON'S HOUR. His long approach to the Crime of Amalgamated is complete, and he has now told the story, bringing charges that, if proved, should put the National City Bank, Mr. ROGERS, and Mr. STILLMAN into serious legal difficulty. The climax of his writings must test his power. He will be felt tremendously in the next six months, or his ebb will start. Now we must draw a distinction which for safety and justice can not be drawn too often. Mr. Lawson's advertisements, urging his followers to sell on his assurances, demand a power that should not rest in the hands of any man. His literary attacks on the System, his exposures of it, are doing a vast amount of good. His attempt to fight the System in the stock market is an entirely different matter. appeals to the people to follow his advice, and thus help him to control the market, ask something which the public would be unwise to give. If he can smash the System by exposing it, every disinterested person must say hurrah. If he induces thousands to hazard their savings on the ups and downs of a stock-jobbing scrimmage, so much the worse for the lengthened

roll of victims.

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THOSE OF OUR READERS who use gas are likely to remember the activities of C. W. ROBBINS of Old Town, Maine, which have been editorially described in COLLIER'S. The gas, electric light, and water questions, where those necessities are controlled by private companies, would speedily be settled if everybody would act, as Mr. Robbins did, on the legal principle that only a reasonable charge can be collected. Mr. Robbins's attorney has been engaged to make a similar fight in far-off Seattle, which shows how a good example spreads. Mr. Robbins is now entering upon a fight with the water company. His contention is that the law of reasonable charges and no disis that the law of reasonable charges and no observed water FIGHT out notice," says Mr. Robbins's paper, the well-named "Enter with-"to change a contract arbitrarily and increase rates without notice, and especially to charge twenty-five cents per one hundred cubic feet in Old Town while the rate in Bangor is only five and one-half cents per one hundred cubic feet, are only a few of the reasons for our complaint." Public service abuses often fall under the principle that the laws are not so much to blame as is the failure to enforce. Citizens of energy and courage can do much to remove oppression without seeking legal changes.

ERTAIN MURDER TRIALS attract too much attention. On

that topic the commentators of the hour are in vociferous accord. The interest is called morbid. No other word is ever used for it; and doubtless morbid it is, although the attractions of mystery, passion, and calamity, of strangeness, sin, and daring, might possibly be defended in a feeble word or two. The law knows its business, and leading lawyers speak sternly of the publicity and newspaper criticism allowed by Americans in murder trials. Yellow journals take up the cause of any defendant, especially a woman, whether they think her guilty or not, if they can make good copy of the sympathetic vein. They forge tales against the prosecution, and in every possible way work upon the feelings of the jury as well as of the public. Moreover, when we are forced to become acquainted with a defendant, we naturally do not wish to have her killed. Criminal law is a stern necessity at best, and it can hardly work fairly if it is conducted by papers which appeal by calculation and without scruple to the softer emotions only. By the acquittal of a murderess the kind of life she led may be made to seem attractive. Thousands of prostitutes may be created by one such episode. Ladies of that world may be encouraged to blackmail and the reckless use of firearms. Many families may be ruined. Such are the considerations of the law, and the reasons why it is deemed unfortunate for the public and the press to turn judicial investigation into a sentimental melodrama or romance. ONE INTERESTING ASSUMPTION often made in criminal

practice is that lying by a defendant is evidence of his guilt. The law itself draws no such deduction, but prosecuting attorneys sometimes declare that it is necessary and right in

actual trial. Suppose a lady has a pistol purchased for her, enters a cab with a gentleman, and endeavors to persuade him to meet her wishes, amatory or financial. They have been imbibing alcohol for the larger part of several days. The pistol is discharged and the gentleman is killed. According to the prosecution the lady, threatening her companion and accidentally discharging her chief argument, is guilty of manslaughter. A query is made by some readers of the evidence, about the possibility that the ardent mistress was threatening her own life when the intoxicated struggle ended in her lover's death. The answer is that this surmise need not be considered, as the defendant did not make the claim when on the stand. Such reasoning seems to regard criminal procedure as something of a game, with forfeits for breaches of the rules. Very likely, in the case we have in mind, the prosecution's theory of what happened in the cab may be correct, but if the fact be admitted that the defendant's lawyers decided to have her lie, rightly or wrongly supposing that such conduct increased her chances of entire acquittal, a jury could hardly be expected to treat that lie as proving anything at all about the incident.

TWISTING THE LION where he is sensitive has lost its charm, but once in a while a few of the old-fashioned British journals furnish the temptation. "Who is RILEY?" asks "The Academy" with contempt. Assuredly RILEY is somebody more gifted than most of the solemnly treated contemporary poets of England, Is it our fault that "The Academy" has not heard of him? And whose fault is it that we hear too much of a tribe of commonplace and virtuous English bards? We forbear to use so easy a weapon as the Poet-Laureate, but there are a dozen others who are treated with respect by the solemn British press simply because they have had time to become sufficiently familiar to be accepted as established institutions. This same learned contemporary, being forced unwillingly to use the American slang term mucker, thinks it necessary to explain. Now, don't read the next sentence if you have chapped lips. "The Academy" defines mucker, for its readers, as "the opposite of millionaire." What is meant by the British slang word hooligan? The opposite, no doubt, of the Emperor of India. Dear English cousin, it is safer, when ignorance is complete, to refrain from explanation. It is safer, also, not to assume too readily that your unfamiliarity with a foreign name is utter condemnation of a poet.

BUT MOST ENGLISH COMMENT on things American is fair, and more likely to be biased for us than against. A recent article in a British review about after-dinner speaking in America was so enthusiastic and alluring that it made us forget all the irrelevant stories and all the excess of sprightliness through which we have ever sat. IAMES RUSSELL LOWELL said that three ingredients were essential to the after-dinner speech-the joke, the quotation, and the platitude. Not entirely different from the editorial, by the way, although that is distinctly another story.

But Lowell added that to be master of well-selected platitudes was in itself a kind of genius. After-dinner talking in America was once more solemn than it is in England now. It was without charm, grace, or humor. It was all oratory and sermon. England, somewhat behind us, is moving in the same direction. Chambers of Commerce dinner speeches over there are full of figures, but statistics are less popular than they were, and humor and cheerfulness are more desired. England has after-dinner speakers fully as good as ours, even in the lightest field; it is only in the average that she falls below us; just as she has more notable humorists, although humor is not as widely distributed.

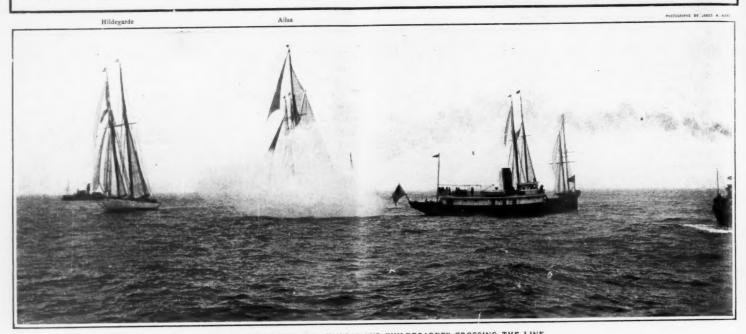
NOW THAT THE HOUSEFLY is making his appearance, and is likely to remain some months, it becomes our duty to observe some things to his discredit. He is a dirty beast, and danger lurks in him. Once before we wrote of him, at that time frivolously. But who can deny that he sits upon a barrel of swill, until the fancy takes him to try a sugar-bowl or baby's nose? The germ theory sometimes seems elaborate, in these days, when some are found to prophesy even against the tooth-brush, and against the postman's bag. Still, it remains possible to become scientific without going crazy. In attacking the fly we are safely moderate. He causes more disease in a week than aniline dyes in a month. He is more dangerous than formaldehyde in milk. The above are medical opinions which we eagerly accept. Charity covers a multitude of sins. It does not cover flies. These ranging and obscene animals should die. The only difficulty lies in killing them. Screens on kitchen doors, and careful cooks, may do more for health than medicine or a quiet conscience. not lost to all sentiments of mercy. Like the poet, we can pour regretful tenderness over the translucent small wings, crushed accidentally in a book, "pure relics of 'a blameless life." From the fly's point of view he makes the most of things:

> "Busy, curious, thirsty fly, Busy, curious, thirsty ny,
> Drink with me and drink as I!
> Freely welcome to my cup,
> Couldst thou sip and sip it up;
> Make the most of life you may; Life is short and wears away.

Who would kill even a mosquito for doing his best? But man is devoted to himself, and these disease-bearing denizens of the air are fatal to him and his young offspring.

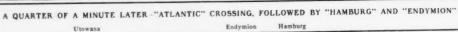
START OF THE OCEAN YACHT RACE FOR THE KAISER'S CUP

On May 16 eleven yachts—eight American, two British, and one German—were scheduled to start for a race across the Atlantic, from Sandy Hook to the Lizard, without time allowance, for a cup offered by Emperor William. An impenetrable fog compelled a postponement, but the race was auspiciously begun the next day. For the first time the world was kept in touch with some of the contestants in mid-ocean by wireless telegraphy



WITH THE STARTING GUN—"AILSA" AND "HILDEGARDE" CROSSING THE LINE
Hildegarde
Alia Atlantic
Hamburg
Endymion

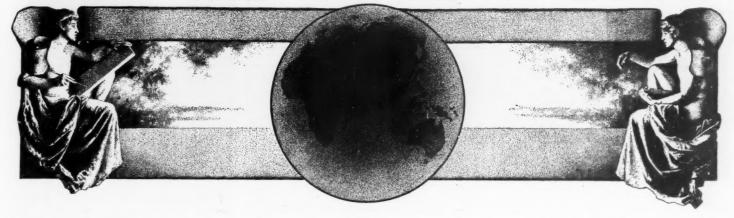
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"UTOWANA" UNCONSCIOUSLY MAKES A FALSE START, SWINGING OUTSIDE THE JUDGES' BOAT

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



THE EVE OF GREAT EVENTS

ters Admiral Rojestvensky left the waters of his embarrassed French allies soon after the middle of May and proceeded northward. His last stop on the Annamese coast was at Port d'Ayot, about forty miles north of Kamranh Bay. It was asserted that the French Admiral had found him utterly intractable, recognizing no authority but his own. After leaving French waters, the Russians

leaving French waters, the Russians went to the Chinese island of Hainan, where they took in coal. On the night of May 19 or 20 Rojestvensky sent back eleven of his ships, comprising auxiliary cruisers and vessels of the volunteer fleet, to Port d'Ayot, where they anchored outside of the three-mile limit. Relieved of this incumbrance, he seemed ready for his dash on Vladivostok. On land, activity developed along the fronts of the opposing armies in Manchuria, recalling the beginnings of the battles of Liao-Yang and Mukden. Both Japanese wings were making demonstrations on May 20, warm skirmishes were in progress at various points, and Linevitch seemed to be preparing for a decisive battle.

RUSSIA STUMBLING FORWARD

I VAN KALEIEFF, the assassin of the Grand Duke Sergius, was executed on May 17, but not in time to save the life of another instrument of despotism, General Sokolovsky, Governor-General of the Province of Ufa, who was shot on the 20th. The grip of the Russian autocracy is steadily weakening, and the Emperor is believed to have signed a rescript authorizing the creation of some sort of representative assembly. M. Pobiedonostzeff, Procurator of the Holy Synod, who has been for a generation the arch-enemy of every liberal idea, lies upon his deathbed, broken and imbittered. "Ten years ago," he is alleged to have said, "one of the Emperor's subjects

The Russian fleet seems at last to be on its way to Vladivostok or battle. President Roosevelt shocked the protected interests by threatening to buy supplies for the Panama Canal abroad unless they could be bought as cheaply at home, but soothing explanations followed without delay. After apparently dying out, the Chicago strike has blazed up more fiercely than ever. In fighting her gas steal, Philadelphia has suddenly found a conscience and a voice

would have been exiled to Siberia for saying what the Emperor now proclaims in his imperial manifesto." He sees nothing ahead but ruin, and washes his hands of the affairs of a nation that has outgrown him.

HOPES DISAPPOINTED IN CHICAGO

May 20 the great strike in Chicago was practically settled. The men had acceded to terms which amounted in effect to an admission of They were to recognize the Employers' Teaming Company as a permanent institution, employing non-union drivers; the open shop was to prevail, and the strikers were to be reinstated on application where vacancies existed, except those guilty of lawlessness. But at the last moment the agreement went to pieces on the rock of the attitude to be adopted toward the seven express companies. These corporations had warned their men that any who struck in violation of their contracts would never be taken back, and they refused to recede from that position. The other employers insisted that their teamsters should deliver goods to the express companies, and the strikers would not accept that requirement. Hence, instead of the promised peace, the strike began to spread further than ever. Up to the evening of May 20 it had lasted just a month and a half. Starting with nineteen garment workers, it had involved 4,500 teamsters, taken the entire time

of 2,300 policemen, required the employment of 850 extra police, and 3,000 special deputy sheriffs at a cost of \$145,000 to the city and county, and had caused losses amounting to \$13,385,000, or \$704,470 for every worker connected with the original trouble. It had also cost nine lives and had caused 160 persons to suffer injuries reported to the police, making an average of about nine casualties for every one of the garment workers whose grievances began the dispute. As soon as the

peace negotiations failed, the strike entered a more serious phase, threatening to make 100,000 men idle.

TO DAM THE ALIEN TIDE

The enormous increase in immigration, breaking all records of this or any other country, has alarmed the President, who is preparing plans for dealing with it through new legislation. For the fiscal year just about to end the volume of new arrivals will reach at least a million, two-thirds of them of the sort commonly described as "undesirable." President Roosevelt favors some drastic method of restriction, but every scheme proposed has some objectionable features, and he has not yet decided which offers the least.

A FREE-TRADE CANAL?

JUST AS THE "stand-patters" were congratulating themselves upon having the President securely caged they were stupefied on May 14 by the announcement that the Panama Canal Commission had decided to buy supplies, machinery, and vessels in the cheapest market, whether home or foreign. The same principle was also to be applied to the transportation of goods for the canal. In explanation of this policy it was stated that the commission had wished to buy two ships of about 6,000 tons each. Foreigners offered to furnish them at once for about







In the Red Cross hospital at Mukden, March 10. Photographed just as the Japanese cavalrymen entere



One of the cyclone's freaks-a house upset without injury



A typical scene among the wreckage



Explosive force of the tornado-a stone front blown out

AFTER THE TORNADO THAT WRECKED SNYDER, OKLAHOMA

On May 10 three tornado funnels swept toward Snyder, and merging into one swept through the town, killing 125 persons and ruining 300 families there and in the vicinity

\$750,000. American builders wanted \$1,400,000 and eighteen months' time. The members of the Steel Rail Pool demanded \$28 per ton for rails, but the identical rails, made by the same company, could Similar discrepancies be bought abroad for \$20. ran all through the list. Secretary Taft had asked Congress at its late session to decide whether the canal should be built economically with access to the markets of the world or expensively with a monopoly secured to American manufacturers, and Congress had refused to make any restrictions. appeared clear, therefore, that it was the duty of the Administration to do the work on as reasonable terms as possible, especially as the appropriations had been made on that basis. To do otherwise would have been to saddle the canal with a permanently enlarged capital account, involving increased interest charges, which would have acted as a perpetual handicap on its business in comparison with other trade routes and would have tended to that extent to defeat the very object of its construction.

THE PRESIDENT'S FAR-REACHING POLICY

HE POLICY OF THE Administration would have been infuriating enough to the protected in-terests even if it had gone no deeper than its immediate occasion. The scores of millions of dollars to be spent on machinery and supplies for the canal had been counted upon as a sure asset of American manufacturers at the highest possible prices. But it was instantly realized that the effect of the President's action would not stop with the loss of these profits. That would be only the beginning. The whole tariff system would be thrown into the melting pot. The friends of the Administration aptly described its demand as one for the "most favored nation treatment" at the hands of American manufacturers. It was a demand that these manufacturers should give their own Government as good treatment as they would give to that of a foreign country. But, however reasonable that demand might seem, it was bound to raise, and in-stantly did raise, the question why what was good for the Government would not be equally good for its citizens. If the Panama Canal Commission had a right to use foreign competition to defend itself against a hold-up by an American trust, why did not the private consumer have the same right? If we ought to be collectively a "most favored nation," why should we be individually the least favored people? Dismayed by the possibilities implied in these questions, the extreme protectionist leaders tried at first to make scapegoats of Secretary Taft and the Canal Commission, but the President promptly took the entire responsibility of the new departure upon himself. It was intimated, however, that Congress would have a chance to act before very extensive foreign purchases were made.

TROUBLES OF RATE FIXERS

THE DIFFICULTIES that would confront the Interstate Commerce Commission if it had to make rates for all the railroads of the country were illustrated in the case, decided on May 18, of differentials on wheat and flour for export. New York has natural advantages that formerly gave it

the great bulk of this trade. To counteract these, the railroads running from the West to Baltimore and Philadelphia insisted that those ports should have lower rates, and to avoid destructive rate wars the New York lines were compelled to accede to this arrangement. The commercial interests of the metropolis denounced the discrimination, from which Boston also suffered in an even greater degree, as unfair, and the Merchants' Association brought the matter before the Interstate Commerce Commission. This was no case of a dispute between a corporation and the public, but it was the much more embarrassing one of a hot commercial rivalry between some of the greatest cities of the Union, and any decision was certain to be deeply resented somewhere. In the judgment actually rendered the Commission held that discriminations were justifiable to an extent that would put all the seaports upon a substantial equality, leaving them to compete for business on even terms. It allowed the differentials in favor of Baltimore and Philadelphia to continue, but reduced them on grain and flour. On one item, however—grain from the Lakes—a differential was allowed to Philadelphia, where none had existed before, at the same rate granted to Baltimore.

WHAT A CORPORATION CAN DO

OCCASIONALLY A CORPORATION, instead of resisting the municipal ownership movement by legal obstruction and corrupt intrigue, disarms it by doing as well for its patrons as they



READY FOR BUSINESS

Minister Bowen, home from Venezuela, going up the steps of the State Department with the Loomis charges in his hand could hope to do for themselves. The Sheffield United Gaslight Company shows in its annual report that it has reduced the price of gas in less than four years from 52 to 36, 32, and 28 cents per thousand feet, according to the purposes for which it is used. The 28-cent rate is for gas engines, which can develop 3½ horsepower at two cents an hour. The charges in Sheffield are now the lowest in England, and about a third the rates heretofore prevailing in New York. Nevertheless, the company has been able to pay its regular dividends and to add a substantial surplus profit to its reserve fund. To be perfectly fair, it should be added that the illuminating standard is a little below that in New York. The Parliamentary standard in England is only 16½ candles against New York's 20, but the Sheffield company exceeds the required rate, averaging 17.38 candles last year.

A TRUST FOR GLASS-HEADED PINS

A GLASS-HEADED PIN SYNDICATE is the latest example of the specialization and concentration of industry. It is to be formed at Aix-la-Chapelle, the principal seat of the world's manufacture of that particular variety of pins. The twelve factories there turn out 1,500,000,000 glass-headed pins a year, or almost exactly one to every inhabitant of the globe. Their owners have been associated heretofore in a "Pin Convention," but since glass-headed pins lend themselves as readily as kerosene and steel rails to rebates and other surreptitious methods of tapping a neighbor's prosperity some closer union has been found to be necessary. The pin trade has a separate scale of prices for each country. Prices in Germany are the highest of all, although Germans are supposed to be able to manufacture more cheaply than anybody else in the world. But Germany has a high tariff, and the "Pin Convention" takes full advantage of it.

BARGAIN OR FIGHT?

The New administration in Chicago is beginning its work for municipal ownership by ways of peace instead of by those of war. At a meeting on May 17 between the representatives of the city and those of the traction interests the first steps were taken toward an amicable agreement. Mayor Dunne and his associates were informed that the companies would be willing to sell out their lines to the city at a fair price. The Mayor agreed to allow them time to put a valuation upon their property, and they agreed in return not to obstruct the progress of municipal ownership. There is not much hope that the terms will be such as the city will be willing to accept, but it will consider them before it decides to fight.

STATESMEN AND PASSES

T HAS BEEN intimated that President Roosevelt will accept no more free rides from railroads. Undoubtedly there ought to be a provision for paying his traveling expenses, but with the campaign he is now waging against certain abuses in railroad management he naturally feels a delicacy about receiving favors from the corporations he is

trying to subject to the laws. Mayor Dunne of Chicago has returned all the passes and tickets that have been sent him since his election. He explains that this is no new idea on his part, but merely the continuation of a policy that he adopted when he first entered public life, thirteen years ago, and has followed ever since. The only member of the last Congress who was known to have refused a pass was not re-elected.

LIGHT FROM A TRUST PRESIDENT

THE SENATE Committee on Interstate Commerce, which is investigating the private car system, heard some frank testimony on May 16 from President George R. Robbins of the Armour car lines. Mr. Robbins admitted that the Armours had twenty or thirty exclusive contracts with railroads for the transportation of fruit. Where such contracts existed the roads could not ship the products covered by them in any other cars. This system gave the Armours an absolute monopoly of the fruit transportation business in parts of the West and

South—all of which, the witness insisted, was a purely private matter, with which the laws had nothing to do. About 200 articles, known as "packing-house products," were transported in the Armour cars. Shippers on the exclusive contract lines had to accept such rates as the Armours chose to offer, but Mr. Robbins expressed the consoling conviction that 80 per cent of them were satisfied. He did not suggest any punishment for the unreasonable 20 per cent that remained discontented.

ANOTHER SCAR HEALED

NE MORE of the sectional rifts of the last century was closed on May 17 when the joint convention of the Northern and Southern Baptists at St. Louis adopted a plan of union. The new organization is to be known as the "General Convention of Baptists of North America," and its scope is to cover North America and its islands. The autonomy of the old Northern and Southern organizations is to be preserved, but merely for practical working convenience, not as a sign of division. The new general convention, whose functions are to be advisory, will meet next year, and after that triennially. The motion to adopt the report of the committee which recommended the plan of union was made by Dr. Edward Judson, and seconded by Dr. W. E. Hatcher of Virginia. "There are now," said Dr. Hatcher, "no causes that stand in the way of our union of heart and cordial raternity." The extraordinary influence of President Roosevelt cropped up again in Dr. Hatcher's further remark:

"Although I am a Democrat, I think that the power of one man to unify this country and effect a unity of the world has been the supreme event in American history."

CORRUPTION'S CLIMAX IN PHILADELPHIA

AFTER TAKING PLENTY of time to count the cost, the gang in control of the Philadelphia City Councils decided to push through the theft of the gas works. Bids had been invited, and one had been submitted offering to pay all the United Gas Improvement Company offered and in addition to give the city one-third of all the profits for ten years and half the profits for the remaining sixty-five years of the lease, together with the privilege of reducing rates to consumers out of the municipal share of the profits, to furnish free gas for public lighting, and to give the city a representation of one-third in the directorate. Yet the gang threw away this bid as contemptuously as Ashbridge had formerly thrown away John Wanamaker's offer of \$2,500,000 for street railroad franchises which were to go to a ring corporation for nothing. The United Gas Improvement proposition to pay the city \$25,000,000, against payments estimated at \$225,000,000 under the other offer, was put through on May 18 by a vote of 74 to 9 in Common and 37 to 4 in Select Council.

Prices of Councilmen were currently reported at from \$1,000 to \$3,000 apiece. For this, these typical Philadelphian public servants were willing to sell the birthrights of their own children and of their children's children. It was said for some of them, however, that they wanted to be honest, but did not dare. They knew the power of the machine and had never felt any power in public opinion. The machine had decreed that there was to be no mercy for any Councilman who refused to sell out. His relatives in the schools and in office were to be thrown on the street; and he was to have no more business dealings with the city. As the idea of making a living without graft in some or all of these forms would be inconceivable to a politician in Philadelphia, such threats were terrifying.

A COMATOSE CITY ALMOST AWAKE

The News of the contemplated outrage drove patient Philadelphia to fury. A mass of seemingly determined citizens invaded the City Hall, yelled "Thieves!" "Robbers!" and "Thugs!"

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN OIL TANK CATCHES FIRE

On May 10 Frank Leach, an employee at the pumping station of the Eureka Pipe Line Company, at Downs, West Virginia, lit a match to read the gauge on a tank holding twenty thousand barrels of oil. The results are indicated above. Mr. Leach was not hurt

at the Councilmen, and dangled ropes bearing menacing placards over the gallery rails. A similar scene in Chicago some years ago daunted a Council bent upon a similar scheme of plunder. The Chicago Councilmen valued money, but they valued their necks more. They saw themselves in imagination actually swinging from those ropes. But, although the Philadelphians wore buttons inscribed "We mean it," the banded thieves knew they did not mean it. They knew they were in no immediate danger, and they doggedly consummated their infamy under the eyes of the enraged citizens they were robbing. At the burlesque hearing before the Finance Committee it had been shown that Philadelphia had not yet learned how corruption should be dealt with. One of the spokesmen of the citizens told the committee that he did not blame Dolan, the respectable capitalist who was debauching the city government, making traitors of the people's representatives, and robbing his neighbors and their children. "He is acting for the best interests of his corporation," said this stern moralist. "and is not to be blamed." Of course, as long as the idea prevails that a rich man may bribe and steal in the interests of a corporation and still remain a blameless citizen, welcomed in decent clubs, churches, and business associations that would shun a vulgar pickpocket, poor men will always be found

to take his bribes and sell out the public property he is in the market to buy.

THE DAWN OF HOPE

NEVERTHELESS, FOR PHILADELPHIA, the situation after the action of Councils was anything but hopeless. It was announced that Mayor Weaver had broken absolutely with the gang, and would do everything in his power to defeat the gas raid. There were plenty of votes in Councils originally to pass the ordinance over his veto, but it was hoped that with time for the organization of public pressure some of these could be detached. In the event of a new passage of the measure the Mayor could refuse to sign the contract with the Gas Improvement Company, and if Councils should authorize another official to sign, an injunction could be obtained to restrain him. The original lease could be attacked in court on the ground of fraud. Most important of all was the evidence that the people of Philadelphia, including some great financial interests that had previously condoned corruption, had

reached the conclusion that gang rule must be destroyed. Preparations were begun for a systematic organization in every ward with the purpose, not merely of beating the gas lease, but of utterly smashing the political machine whose insolence had overleaped itself in that unparalleled outrage.

MR. MORTON'S RETIREMENT

The Rumors regarding Secretary Morton's approaching withdrawal from the Cabinet have been set at rest, first by an official announcement that Mr. Morton will give up his portfolio on September I, and then by a semi-official intimation that the date of this retirement will be advanced to July I. Notwithstanding the President's admiration for Mr. Morton, their ideas on the proper railroad policy of the Government have not exactly agreed, and the possibility of having one member of the Cabinet prosecuting another for violating laws which the President is particularly anxious to enforce has not been especially attractive to either. Indictments of officials are not so embarrassing to railroads, and Mr. Morton has been besieged with flattering offers from corporations.

LA FOLLETTE WINS

THE PERSISTENCE OF Governor La Follette of Wisconsin has triumphed in the passage of his Railroad Commission bill by the Legislature. This leaves the Governor free to resign his office and take his seat in the Senate when it meets in extra session in the autumn. Had Mr. La Follette given up the Governorship before the legislation

to which he was pledged was enacted, his policy would almost certainly have met with temporary shipwreck. It was proposed at one time to amend his Commission bill by making the Commission elective instead of appointive, but when he announced that if the bill should pass in that shape he would resign and run for a commissionership, the plan lost all its attractions. The railroads would rather deal with a commission appointed by La Follette than with La Follette himself.

CANADIAN-AMERICAN FLOUR IN GERMANY

THE DRAWBACK SYSTEM by which the Minneapolis millers are enabled to import Canadian wheat for export practically free of duty has brought the United States into the zone of fire of the Canadian-German tariff war. Germany imposes prohibitory duties on Canadian wheat and flour, and she objects to receiving American flour ground from Canadian wheat. It is intimated that in the treaty of commerce which she hopes to negotiate with the United States she will try to incorporate a provision requiring all American flour to be accompanied by a certificate of origin. This, of course, is on the assumption, by no means a certainty, that Germany and America succeed in keeping out of a tariff war of their own.

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MUKDEN WAS WON

THE MOVES THAT DECIDED THE GREATEST BATTLE IN HISTORY TRACED OUT BY AN EXPERT IN THE WAKE OF THE VICTORIOUS ARMY, WITH THE HELP OF THE MEN WHO DID THE WORK

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's Special War Correspondent with the Japanese Army in Manchuria

NE of the foreign attachés asked an officer of the Staff why the Japanese did not pursue after the battle of the Sha. "Time will tell," he said, with his Japa-

the battle of the Sha.

"Time will tell," he said, with his Japanese smile.

Time might have made this cryptic answer a sad piece of satire; time has made it a jewel of wisdom. When the victory was complete and St. Petersburg had digested the agonizing details of the loss of half of Kuropatkin's army, the officer of the staff explained.
"Our success in the battle of the Sha," he went on to say, "was the result of a counter-attack after we had checked the enemy's attack. We were not then ready to go on. It took us until this spring to get ready. When we were ready, we went."

Before the event he would not have said as much to his own father, I am sure.

It took four months to get ready. Four months the Russians had as well. The Japanese were ready first; or rather they struck too promptly and too cunningly for their antagonist. In the preparations Port Arthur played a fateful part. Stoessel's stubborn defence were ball and chain to the ankles of the main army. Nogi devoured reserves; he took the output of the arsenals; he occupied the transports. When, at last, the fortress fell, the General Staff slipped a mighty load of responsibility. The mind of the army, the energies of the land, were no longer divided. Transports carried food, ammunition, and reserves for the Sha alone.

In the long conflict in the early days of October the Japanese had driven the Russians to the other bank of the Sha. The Sha is a small stream which will have a big sounding name in history. It is fordable; it is contemptible in comparison with its fame. The northernmost part of the loop formed by its course is due south of Mukden and just to the east of the railroad. In fact, the loop is here bent in a little, and for a distance the Sha runs almost straight. Then bending southward to the east, it has its source in the first rises of that Vast mountainous district which extends to the Valu River and the Pacific. bending southward to the west, it has its source in the first rises of that vast mountainous distends to the Yalu River and the Pacific is district which ex-

The Situation After the Battle of Sha-Ho

Otherwise the Sha flows through a plain almost as level as a house floor. In summer this plain is a sea of kowliang—millet which looks like Indian corn—growing to a height of from eight to twelve feet. During the battle of Liao-Yang the infantry and guns advanced under its cover. By October it had been harvested for the most part. So the battle of the Sha was fought in the open; the difference being that of before and after harvest on a Nebraska cornfield. When this tug of war was finished, and the antagonists were breathing hard and wellnigh exhausted, the Japanese halted on the south bank of the Sha. The Russians settled on the north bank. A tired man may rest under the shade of a little willow bush; a little rut may stop a wagon. This rivulet, which seemed better suited to be the subject of an irrigation dispute between two farmers, such was the temper of two armies, became the breaking point between them. Otherwise the Sha flows through a plain almost as oint between them

Quickly the face of the plain became like two prairie-gy villages. The trenches were always manned; there as always more or less firing. Ditches of approach

ran back to the dugouts where the Russians kept warm

ran back to the dugouts where the Russians kept warm over sheet-iron stoves, where the Japanese kept warm over improvised braziers. The brass basins of captured Russian drums were filled with charcoal while Japanese officers squatted around them.

There was a neighborly feeling only when a man in either front line of trenches held up a bucket. His enemies allowed him to draw water from the river. Many little armistices in this war—the armistices of common human feeling and momentary expediency—were not at all a matter of arrangement between the Foreign Office in Tokio and the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg. Without the bucket, however, a soldier who exposed himself was the target for a score of rifles. Both sides agreed, I think, that occasional firing relieved boredom. The enemies were most polite, especially the Japanese, who sang out "Good morning" at the break of day. After a cheerful answer both parties to the arrangement began taking pot shots at exposed heads.

exposed heads.

From the close of the battle of the Sha till the 20th From the close of the battle of the Sha till the 20th of February the Japanese made only one offensive movement. In the latter part of October they took Wit-o-san, the sole position which the Russians occupied on the south side of the Sha. This hill was stormed with the sagacity of dispositions and gallantry of execution with which Kuroki's army has made the world familiar in mountain work. Thus the line was rectified; thus everything was made safe for the winter. In all these four months no foreigner was ever allowed to approach the trenches; no one, indeed, who had no business there. Regimental commanders knew only the nature of that section of the works which they commanded. Attachés and correspondents heard occasional firing. That was the limit of their professional duties.

occasional firing. That was the limit of their professional duties.

To-day the secrecy about the future is as close as ever, but our questions about the great action which is now history are readily answered. Ours is the good fortune of victory; we may go over the ground where the battle raged. When I met the captured correspondents and attachés from the Russian side one of them said: "We've enjoyed a privilege that we never enjoyed before—we've seen a battlefield."

When a staff officer outlined on a map the winter positions, I noticed, at the right end of the slight semicircle of the main works facing Mukden, that the line had a break perpendicular to its main direction. Your curiosity was as much excited as if you turned to New York to find Thirty-eighth Street between Broadway and Fifth Avenue closed, and a skyscraper for a department store being erected on the site. The explanation was simple. In front of the "break" were two helpful, man-saving hills, Wit-o-san and Ma-chen-sun, which in the history of China had never grown any kowliang, and now for the first time were of some service to humanity. Two battalions were placed on one hill and one battalion on the other. The orders to these three battalions were to stand to the last man in the event of attack. The Staff knew that they would obey. So a brigade from behind these two hills was spared when Gripenberg made his attack on the Japanese left at Heikoutai and Sandepu in the latter part of January. How near Gripenberg came to success we now realize for the first time. He gave the Japanese their most anxious moment, unless it was when the

Russians fell back from Liao-Yang just before the

Russians fell back from Liao-Yang just before the Japanese were finally out of artillery ammunition. Had Gripenberg been supported, had he tried a little harder and a little longer, the war to-day would have a different aspect.

The Japanese Right was bent back into the mountains at the west—temptingly, though the Russians did not try this bait again after the battle of the Sha. Here the blue-penciled line breaks into segments; into separated regiments and battalions posted on the heights commanding the valleys. They had taken up a position that enabled them to hold off five times their numbers if necessary, and they forced any raid in that direction to make a wide detour before it could strike the railroad.

that direction to make a wide detour before it could strike the railroad.

On the left there were no blue-penciled lines at all. This wide sweep of plain between the Hun and the Liao Rivers seemed to be quite unprotected. The Japanese knew that if they built works on their left the Russians would do the same. It was not in accord with their plan for the advance on Mukden—made four months before the battle—that the Russians should do this. They wanted a free field for their flanking movement. So they covered these levels with cavalry and detachments of infantry and guns. On their centre they must cross the Hun River, which runs past the very gates of Mukden and then bends sharply to the south, while it was still frozen. Their attack on the Russian right from their left must be delivered before the while it was still frozen. Their attack on the Russian right from their left must be delivered before the ground was thawed and the Russians could throw up intrenchments. Had Port Arthur fallen a month later they could not have advanced before the ice was out of the Hun and the frost was out of the cornfields.

Two new armies came to assist the main force at the battle of Mukden, one marching up to juncture with either end of the winter line. Nogi's men had only finished the siege when they had to begin a tramp of two hundred miles in the cold and windy period of late January and early February.

A Part of the Japanese Strategy

You may hear in Tokio—as I heard when I passed through—how the new army of the East (the Japanese Right) was sent through Korea in order to give the impression that its destination was Vladivostok. By marching around Robin Hood's barn the new Army of the East had fooled the enemy completely. It had sprung out of the air on Kuropatkin's left, and was doing the work of the battle already in progress. This much you learned in the most confidential way from the gossip of the capital. The truth is, so far as I can ascertain, that the Japanese made a great secret of this new army's existence when, as a matter of fact, they would have been deeply disappointed had not Kuropatkin heard all about it through his secret service. Of course, it was kept out of the newspapers; for newspapers are too obvious in these days when war is an art concealing many arts. Kuropatkin rose to the bait; he thought that the Japanese were trying to turn his left. He sent his reserves to the east, and that was precisely what the Japanese wanted.

The real secret was to the west (the Japanese Left). Of that the confidential gossip of Tokio knew nothing. It was as essential that this should not be known as that the other should be known. Here the soft-spoken,

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smiling Staff undertook to keep a whole army corps and all its train in hiding on a thickly populated, almost treeless, plain. This seems as difficult as hiding a horse and buggy in a parlor, but the confident Staff based their whole battle plan on its feasibility. It was simple as all battle plans are: to wage battle along the whole the enemy's line, feint on his left and strike on his

of the enemy's line, feint on his left and strike on nis right.

On February 20 Nogi was mobilized in the little town of Sha-pei-ho, about twelve miles west of Liao-Yang. The Czar was not more carefully watched during the riots in St. Petersburg than this force, which was as large as Lee's army upon its surrender to Grant. Most of the cavalry at Oyama's command formed a screen in front of him from the left of the Japanese works to the bank of the Liao. The Cossacks never penetrated it, or got around it; no native took the information to Mukden; Kuropatkin never smelled a mouse. The town where Nogi waited was sealed by sabres and car bines. But the time was not yet ripe for Nogi to advance. When he went it must be rapidly, lest the enemy should be warned and prepare for him.

The Beginning of the Battle

It was the place of the new army of the East to call attention to itself by the first movement of the battle. Its first fight on its advance was at Chin-ho-chen, on February 23. This was not serious. It kept on advancing on the 24th, 25th, and 26th, having to meet

vancing on the 24th, 25th, and 26th, having to meet the enemy in little more than rearguard actions. By this time it was on a line with the main positions of the Japanese, but between these two points there was a bend in the line toward the southward.

Here Kuroki's army, which had hitherto formed the right, was posted. Its three divisions were set differing and difficult tasks, in pressing forward to relieve any pressure on the new army, and to ensure that once Kuropatkin had removed his reserves to this side of Mukden, he would be kept too busy there to withdraw them until Nogi had firmly placed himself to the east of Mukden, threatening the railroad.

One division was concentrated and sent right around the right of the other two divisions of Kuroki. They

the right of the other two divisions of Kuroki. They advanced ten miles on the 24th without opposition, but by the 27th the new army and the First Army began to appreciate how strongly Kuropatkin had prepared for the expected flanking movement on his left. With stubborn positions in front of them, one division of Kuroki's army had the assistance of a brigade and a concentrated artillery fire. The division which had wheeled and the ofth attacked. ed on the 26th attacked Wanfulin. They found the Russians in greater numbers than they ex-pected. They had been unable to reconnoitre the slopes approaching the Russian works, which R ussian works, which were steeper than they had anticipated. On the 27th, weariness and a driving snowstorm held them back. On the 28th they suspended their attack and scout2d the positions before them, and for seven days the right was to make little further progress. On the 27th the curtain was withdrawn and Nogi took thdrawn and Nogi took the stage. The cavalry which had screened him fell back on to the bank of the Liao River to protect his flank. On the 25th he made fifteen miles without opposition of ac-count. This may not seem like a long march. It is, however, when you consider that he was wheeling, and he had to keep his formation pre-pared for resistance.

ed for resistance.

keep his formation prepared for resistance.

He was now up even with the centre. From end to end the Japanese line was a hundred miles long. Thus the first period of the operation may be said to have closed with February. Only the right had been engaged as yet. It had felt of the enemy and found him strong, not even yet realizing how far his strength there was to prove to be his strategical weakness. Nogi proceeding across the plain was not yet opposed. The casualties were few on either side. On March 1 the issue was fairly joined.

There is an impression that the Japanese army takes no chances. That is because it always wins. Had Oyama failed at Mukden all the world would have marveled how he had dared to take such risks, which would then have been pointed out as the reasons of his undoing.

Consider this one thing: When the result was still in doubt and the battle at its height every single man was fighting. The reserve consisted solely of a supreme confidence that no portion of the line could be driven back. We speak of the value of the trust of troops in their general; the significant feature at Mukden was the trust of a general in his troops and their commanders.

With at least eight hundred thousand men engaged,

With at least eight hundred thousand men engaged, counting both sides, this was supremely necessary.

The field of a Marengo or a Chancellorsville was as a suburban yard beside a Dakota farm. That Napoleonic genius of seizing the moment's advantage—of launching a brigade upon a weak point or marching it within an afternoon from flank to flank—might not be exerted here. Or, if so, only by the heads of corps and divisions. To them the Grand Staff had set each his task. For Mukden was many battles interwoven into a gigantic movement. In order to accomplish each his object, which was in keeping with the whole plan, the different generals were expected to make brilliant combinations, and they did.

Marshal Oyama had the whole fighting force of Japan. Beside the regular divisions there were a number of extra brigades. All the vacant places in the ranks were filled by reservists, and they rubbed elbows with extra men whose presence makes a calculation as to exact strength impossible to the outsider.

The old soldiers have never failed to drive the enemy

The old soldiers have never failed to drive the enemy before them; the fresh troops came to the colors infected by the common confidence of their invincibility. That confidence was played as an asset coequal with the discouragement of the Russians, who had always been heaten. been beaten.

been beaten.

The Japanese line, no less than one hundred miles long, is such a choate whole that it seems more like some gigantic reptile animated by a single set of nerves than a creation of five corps with the success of its plan at the mercy of the inefficiency of any part. Right and left the monster is creeping up with the grip of the offensive. the offensive.

the offensive.

On the Russian side there was not one army but three. On the centre is Bilderling, on the right (to the west) is Kaulbars, and on the left (to the east) is Linevitch, with his Siberian reservists and sharpshooters, who understand mountain work, facing Kuroki. Survivors of the Yalu, who have never won, face survivors of the Yalu who have never lost.

Kuropatkin's plan, so far as we know, was based on an entire misapprehension of his enemy's. He thought that Oyama was to throw all his strength into a flanking movement to the eastward. This conclusion he

as the intelligence of his troops? If so, it seems that it was without reason. We have a foeman's testimony to the stubborn tenacity of the Russians when in trenches. Or was he afflicted, as some reports say, with nervous prostration?

While he marched his reserves to the east, Nogi was swinging in over the plain from the west. On March 1 he met one regiment, which promptly fell back. On the 2d he came up with only a few detachments. Like frightened rabbits by the wayside they took a good look at his columns. Then like wise rabbits they ran away. On this day he made seven miles, which is mighty progress for a whole corps wheeling into position. It is to the point, too, that seven miles' advance on an enemy's flank means even more than the proverbial inch on the end of a man's nose. That night Nogi was three miles north of a line drawn east and west through Mukden. He was facing the line of Russian retreat to the railroad, instead of in the general direction of the army—to the north.

Nogi Strikes His First Blow

By this time, waiting for the crisis to appear on the Left, Kuropatkin must have had news of the danger to his Right. Kaulbars sent out to meet it, without plan, two divisions as hastily as they could be despatched. One was ready before the other and started off. On the morning of the 3d the first division ran into Nogi. Neither side was intrenched; neither could intrench. There was the shock of a real encounter. Nogi deployed first and delivered his blow instantly. The Russians were quickly, overwhelmingly beaten.

Nogi deployed first and delivered his blow instantly. The Russians were quickly, overwhelmingly beaten. They fled precipitately toward the north. In the afternoon the second division came up and did a little better, in that its fragments fell back on the main body. Both divisions belonged to the Sixteenth Corps, fresh from Europe. Many of the peasant soldiers did not understand the mechanism of their rifles, let alone the use of the sights. Their fate was precisely that of a trainload of excursionists in a collision. The Russians left three thousand dead bodies on the field. Their total of casualties must have been half of the twenty thousand men engaged.

The cost to Nogi was three hundred wounded and killed. At the same time he had made a good day's

he had made a good day's advance. He was with-in five miles of the rail-road.

The services of those the services of those two divisions were blunderingly lost at a point where Kuropatkin needed them sorely. Yet he was as yet far from beaten. He had the interior line. The position of the Lana-The position of the Japa-nese now had the same nese now had the same disadvantage that the positions of the Russians had in the middle of February. There was the alluring chance that he might break the connection between Nogi and the Japanese left centre, or that he might get around the horn of the crescent—Nogi's left—as Nogi had got around the line of works which the Nogi had got around the line of works which the Russians had occupied during the winter. The truth is that at this juncture the Japanese Staff, who had staked all

on an offensive stroke, were as much worried as kuropatkin, who had staked all on the defens-ive. For his centre and left were not budging. It was plain that Nogi must not beard the lion too far until the other hunters came up. The easy time that he had meant a cor-respondingly hard time for Kuroki and Kawamura

mura.

Had the two Japanese corps facing Kuropatkin's right and right centre shown no more harmony of execution than Kaulbars and Bilderling, he would never have

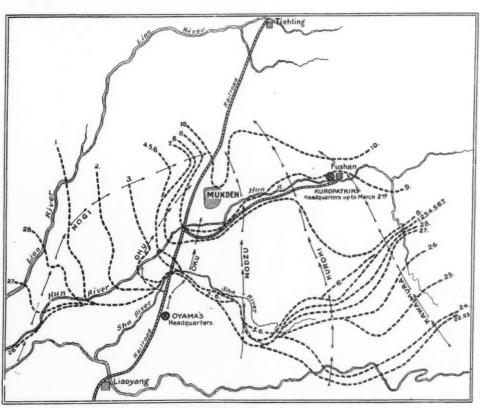
Kaulbars and Bilderling, he would never have been shaken. On Nogi's right was the bulldog army of Oku, whose task from Liao-Yang onward has been to fight its way inch by inch against frontal positions; to be the strong pivot while the others wheel. As Nogi extended his line northward, Oku's left had to swing to the northeast, enveloping the western end of the Russian works, and meanwhile separate one of its divisions from the main body in crossing the Hun.

separate one of its divisions from the main body in crossing the Hun.

Kuropatkin recognized soon after his great error of misunderstanding the Japanese plan that this deadly angle was a vital point, and Nogi must wait on Oku's progress here. The two divisions to the east of the Hun were attached to Nodzu, making the centre a unit. Oku himself took the north side with the third division and all the reserves Oyama had at his command.

command.

The frozen ground would not permit the men, once they had gained a little ground, to throw up those hasty intrenchments whose life-saving value makes the spade almost as important an adjunct of the modern infantryman's kit as his rifle. (Continued on page 25.)



MAP OF THE JAPANESE ADVANCE ON MUKDEN

ines indicate the daily position of the Japanese forces from February 22 to March 10. The arrows show the general rance followed by Nogl's, Oku's, Nodru's, Kurokl's, and Kawamura's corps. The two latter made their advance and mountainous country. The Japanese line varied in length from 100 to 125 miles. Counting both sides, over 800,000 gaged. The Japanese casualties were about 60,000; the Russians lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners about 150,000 engaged. The Japanese

drew from the advance of the Yalu army through the mountains, as I have already explained. It was the conclusion Oyama wanted him to draw.

From the vital railroad westward to the Liao stretched

the open plain with no defensive works, and none possible while the ground was still frozen. Thus it was plain as day that the west was the easiest direction from which to move in flank upon Mukden. Although the Japanese have chosen the easiest way in every battle they have fought, Kuropatkin evidently thought that this time they were going to choose the difficult way.

Kuropatkin's Great Mistake

As against the plain on the west, it was all hill work on the east. Northwest of Mukden the mountains extend further westward and reach the railroad itself at Tiehling, forty miles north of Mukden. Kuropatkin already had a strong force in the east to face any flanking movement, which must fight its way over the slopes for twenty miles before his centre was endangered. Had he lost confidence in the courage as well



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SERIOUSBU

A YOUNG LAWYER ARGUILHIS

DRAWN BY CES DA



USBUSINESS

GUILHIS FIRST IMPORTANT CASE

BY COLS DANA GIBSON

STRONE'S SOUTHERNER

A STORY OF REVENGE AND OF A WONDERFUL NEWSPAPER SCOOP

CHARLES WARREN Bv

STRONE laughed as he read the menu card again and as the forgotten de-tails of the occasion floated back into his brain. He recalled especially one of the guests, a Southerner named Pinckney

eyes and mouth; enthusiastic to an extreme over his mission in the North, and anxious to talk to every one of the "great future of So'th Cahlina, sah."

"A most attractive personality," thought Strone, "I wonder what's become of him."

The source of the idea of that dinner of the Club had been expressed in the transfer of the course of the idea.

The source of the dea of that dinner of the Club had been some grumbling comments regarding the undue amounts of wine consumed at certain recent dinners, comments from a few of the older members, notably from an ex-president of the Club who had grown more gouty and less genial than in the early years of the Club—or, as Follinger expressed it, "less jocose and more varicose."

"He thinks the dinners are too wet does be?" said

jocose and more varicose."

"He thinks the dinners are too wet, does he?" said Fabyan, the Secretary, when he was told of the criticism. "Well, the next dinner will be so wet that everybody will be dry."

After this enigmatic reply, no further hint was vouchsafed to the members. But when the doors to the dining-room were thrown open on the night of the dinner, Fabyan's prediction was justified.

"Water, water everywhere!" cried Follinger dolefully.

"Water, water everywhere!" cried Follinger dolefully.

Down the centre of the table ran a long tank filled with turtles and fishes. The tablecloth was a breadth of watered silk. The decorations of the room were standards of umbrellas intertwined with water-lilies and watercresses. Festoons of mackintoshes, coils of hosepipe, pendants of rubber boots hung on the walls, intermingled with faded antique pictures of Niagara Falls and of Saratoga Springs. An old wooden pump stood at the end of the table. A miniature watering cart was arranged as a centrepiece. Turkish water pipes were at every place at the table.

The ingeniously inventive brain of the Secretary had evolved the following menu card:

Soda Cocktails Chesapeake Bay Oysters

Clam Broth

Pale Spring Water

Brook Trout

Londonderry Lithia, 1884

Soft Shell Crabs Fricand-eau de V-eau

Apollinaris, 1882

Spring Lamb à la Hydraulic Ram Saratoga Springs Potatoes

Poland Water (very dry)

Watercre

SS Salad

White Rock (Brut Impérial) Orange Water Ice

Manitou Spring Water (very old)

Water Crackers Watermelons Coffee Vichy

After a long series of speeches, jests, and songs, without rhyme or reason, sense or season, and mostly on aqueous topics, the President had introduced Martyns

0

aqueous topics, the President had introduced Marlyns in these words:
"Brother Waifs, I so fully realize my world-wide reputation for being the aptest, wittiest, most charming of presiding officers that I wish to introduce our next guest in an absolutely new, original, and novel manner. I will use these words, therefore, which I know none of you have ever listened to before. We have with us to-night (first new expression) one who needs no introduction to this audience (second new expression), whose name is too well known for me to name it here (third new expression), one whom we can not honor, but who can only honor us (fourth new expression). He has come from a distance at no little incon-



When all was quiet again he had said with a soft drawl: "Gentlemen, ah appreciate yo' welcome, ah mos' suttenly dew"

venience to speak to us to-night (fifth new expression), and I know by your welcome you will show him that you appreciate his presence among us on this occasion (sixth new expression). Gentlemen, I have the great pleasure of introducing to you the Hon. Colonel—Judge—Mr.—Mr.—" Turning to the long, black-haired man who was sitting at ease peacefully unconscious of his impending fate—"What the deuce is your name, anyway?—Oh, yes, thank you, Mr. Pinckney Martyns of South Carolina."

Then at once Fenley had started up the old song of "Dixie," and all had joined in.

Strone recalled that Martyns had risen, slowly, loosely, and gracefully; and had stood leaning forward over the back of his chair, smiling in delight at the song. When all was quiet again he had said with a soft drawl: "Gentlemen, ah appreciate yo' welcome, ah mos' suttenly dew. Only ah mos' sho'ly hope thet thar'll nevah be so much watah between the No'th an' the So'th again, sah. Ah've seen mo' watah heah to-night, sah, than evah in ma life, sah—an' ah live on a creek, too. If 'tis watah makes the wheels go roun', then every gentleman heah must be mighty nigh crazy now. You gentlemen, ah reckon, ahn't ve'y familiah with the paht thet good liquo' plays in So'the'n hospital'ty."

At this point Harriman had risen and addressed the

now. You gentlemen, ah reckon, ann't ve'y taminan with the paht thet good liquo' plays in So'the'n hospital'ty."

At this point Harriman had risen and addressed the chair: "I hope, Mr. President, that our guest is not going to refer to that antiquated story of the gubernatorial remark concerning the longitudinousness of the interval between the consumption of spirituous liquors."

There had been cries of "Put him out!" "Choke him!" "We want Dixie, not dictionary!" but the guest had continued quite unembarrassed.

"An' so ah'll tell you 'bout what happened tew a mos' estimable frien' of mine in So'th Cahlina—Majah Pitcahn, sah, of Dainton's Mills, a fine ol' gentleman, sah, who owned a place thet was a right smaht plantation befoh the wah. At leas' thet's what we all like tew think. The stric' truth may be thet 'twas consid'ble time befoh the wah. The Majah, howevah, has got a li'l forgetful an' a li'l blin' tew things as they used tew be, an' he so't of sees them pink through the red blaze an' smoke of the battlefiel'. The painful fac' now was thet thah was no glass in the windows of the main paht of the house an' of one wing, an' thet the chimney had caved in, cah'ing paht of the roof, an' thet the mo'gages were as deep on it as the weeds in the gahden."

Then Martyns told his story lazily, but dramatically.

the mo'gages were as deep on it as the weeds in the gahden."

Then Martyns told his story lazily, but dramatically, proving the truth of Follinger's remark "that a Southern baby is born telling a story."

When he had finished he had looked around the table, remarking in a pathetic tone, "Isn't any Waif going tew offer a thirsty So'the'ner a drink of good ol' Bourbon tew take out the taste of all this watah?" and with a graceful relaxation of his body he slowly slumped back into his chair. In joyful answer the Club had again sung, "I wish I was in Dixie, I do, I do."

Strone recalled now how delighted they all had been with the slight story, with the easy, magnetic manner of telling, the nasal though soft voice, the slurred and omitted consonants, and the tinge of negro accent; how attractive, too, the constant use of the word "sah" had been, employed, as it seemed, not as an expression of deference, but to perfect the cadence of the sentence.

Arton, the Club's Austin Dobson, had followed Martyns with an extraordinary poem entitled "The Pessimist," in which he had employed every dismal, dolorous adjective known to the English tongue, and had suggested every lugubrious thought or situation conceivable. The poem, he claimed, was the direct product of the cheerless liquid accompaniment of the dinner.

This had inspired Fenley, the composer, to set Arton's gloomy lines to an impromptu musical setting of an even more gloomy nature. And, not content with this,

he had chanted, in a tone produced somewhere from the soles of his feet, a song, the substance of which was a conor which was a conversation between "The Hearse Horse and the Coffin," ending with a blood-curdling, gurgling groan of a note:

And the Coffin answered-'Worms!'"

At this the entire Club had risen in revolt, and the President announced that the dinner had ended with a vermi-

or appendix.

Strone certainly had had little reason to think that his own life was ever to be inter-

woven in any man-ner, much less in a dismal one, with that of Pinckney Martyns. In fact, he had not supposed that he would ever meet Martyns

again.

The second time he had seen Martyns, however, was under equally pleasant circumstances. Follinger had come to him about three months after that dinner. Strone was then a space writer on one of the local newspapers, young, ambitious, and promising, but certainly not opulent. It seemed that Martyns wanted some man to come down to South Carolina, and to write up the tar timber country. Would Strone like

Strone was then a space writer on one of the local newspapers, young, ambitious, and promising, but certainly not opulent. It seemed that Martyns wanted some man to come down to South Carolina, and to write up the tar timber country. Would Strone like the job? Strone naturally jumped at the chance, and a few days later set out for Dainton's Mills. Then had followed a visit as delightful as it was novel to him. Martyns lived in the careless, easy, lavish way of a Southerner whose fortune lay all in the future to make, but in the present to spend. He had married a young girl three years before who was slavishly in love with him and who took to her heart any one who was her husband's friend. The soft Southern tones of this fair-haired, dark-eyed, cream-cheeked Georgian girl, her fresh charm and enthusiastic sympathy, Strone never forgot in later years, and he fell frankly in love with both Pinckney and Sylvia Martyns before he had been their guest two days.

Coming from somewhat restrained Northern house-holds, he reveled in the childlike merriment with which the duties of the days were received in this little South Carolina settlement, the good nature of the negroes, their absolute indifference to reproof or punishment, the cheerful, lazy disregard by his host of any obstacles in the path of the great timber scheme. He fell into the habit of shouting, himself, like a child, over the joys of the long horseback rides through the pine woods where the thick needles acted like springy cushions to the horse's hoofs, and where the lack of underbrush made it possible to canter and pace and single-foot among the trees through the heart of the forest itself, untrammeled by the necessity of keeping to any roads.

Frequently they would start a deer out of a clump of trees; and then, unless the forest was too thick, there would be a wild gallop over logs, down old creek beds, sometimes through real torrents, generally winding up in a swamp, where the canny animal was always free from further pursuit. As they rode along, clums

ly had who of turn who det pos on just gall high co' ext

dir

Strone was especially doubtful about the question of title to much of the land; for in meeting the natives on his rides he encountered all kinds of conflicting claims.

Martyns waived anything of this kind aside with entire contempt.

"We'll make thet all right," he said, "we'll fix the law paht of it, sah. Thar's nevah any trouble bout ... 10

thet, sah." And then he would tell a story of how the law was adjusted to suit, down in that region.

The local Justice of the Peace was Squire Hundredge, and as the position of Justice was by no means a lucrative one the Squire did not allow it to interfere with his farming, and tried cases whenever and wherever it was convenient to him.

If any action was ready for trial and the Squire was planting, he would sit down under a tree and hold court. Or if he was over at the village store and the parties desired trial, the store served as an impromptu courtroom. And as his court was thus a perambulatory one the Squire always carried in his hip pocket a large, flat, black pocket Testament on which to administer the oath wherever he might be.

"It happened one morning, sah, thet the Squire was down tew the sto' an' ol' Jim Peter was brought befo' him fo' stealing a chicken. Ah reckon, sah, you considah'd, sah, thet thet crime didn't exist 'cept in the comic papahs, but ol' Jim Peter was co'ht an' 'rested for jus' thet, an' the Squire had tew try him. Well, sah, the Squire he sat down on the steps an' the case begun, and the Squire stahted tew swar the witnesses an' reached back for his Bible. Well, sah, the Squire he's to!' me often, sah, thet he'd neavh felt mo' mo'tified in his life, sah. He'd clean gone an' forgotten tew fetch with him thet Bible. Of co'se, he couldn't admit tew those niggalhs, sah, thet he'd been thet cahless, so he thinks what is the bes' thing tew dew, an' then he goes into the sto' an' interviews the postmastah, an' pretty soon he comes out an' the case goes on, an' Jim Peter is foun' guilty, an' it isn't 'til the nex' day thet goes into the sto' an' interviews the postmastah, an' pretty soon he comes out an' the case goes on, an' Jim Peter is foun' guilty, an' it isn't 'til the nex' day thet Squire Hundredge tells me in stric' confidence thet he'd gone in an' asked the postmastah if he'd got any black book, an' the postmastah he'd looked roun' 'til he'd foun' something thet would answer; an', I declar', sah, if the ol' Squire hadn't gone out with it an' swohn all those witnesses on the Annual Report of the Postmastah-General of the United States for the year 1887, sah. So you see, we So'the'ners don't let a li'l thing like thet in the law stan' in our way, sah."

Occasionally, on their long rides together, the talk would become more serious, and Strone began to receive some dim impression of the many difficult problems which the Southerner had to face, and which were absolutely foreign to anything in his own life or scope

absolutely foreign to anything in his own life or scope of thought. He began to appreciate how the Southerner's race and family traditions—the method of his education, the limited range of pursuits, the enforced attitude toward his inferiors—all so unlike anything in the North—must necessarily produce an entirely local and individual method local and individual method of action in grappling with these problems. He began to understand the reason for their elemental treat-ment of points of honor, of crimes against morals, of settlement of personal dis-putes between man and putes between man and man, and why the law was of less importance to them than the maintenance of their own personal stand-

their own personal standards.

"Tew understan' the So'th, sah," Martyns had once explained, "you sho'ly mus' "preciate thet a man's honah is the only thing tew him; it's mo' than wite an' children an' country. An' tew leave a debt unpaid, tew pass over an insult, tew dew a thing unwo'thy of a gentleman—you recall, sah, possibly, the little story ah tol' at yo' Club, sah—tew place one's self forevah undah obligation tew any one, sah, is mo' dishon'able than tew break the law.

"Ah knew a man once who shot himself beca'se, sah, he had received a deadly insult from a man who had bear here is here' friend an'

ly insult from a man who had been his bes' friend an' had been his best friend an who had saved his life once. Of co'se, he could not return the insult tew a man who had put him so in his debt, an' the shame of thet position, sah, so weighed on his min' thet finally he jus' couldn't stan' it lon-gah, he being a sensitive, high-spi'ited gentleman! Of co'se, howevah, thet's an extreme case" extreme case.

extreme case."

"That's a highly lurid,
dime-novel kind of a situation," Strone had remarked.

"Ah can assho' you it's true." Martyns had answered
with seriousness. "We raise thet kind of men. sah."
Strone said no more, but he still thought that it certainly sounded morbid and improbable.

When three weeks had gone rapidly by, Strone found
to his dismay that his work was actually accomplished,

to his dismay that his work was actually accomplished, and there was no excuse for him to remain longer away from his duties in the North.

And so with a tearing at his heart he left the warm pine-needles, the violets, the honeysuckles, the flurried coveys of quail, the foxes gliding slyly through the bushes, the deer, the turkey buzzards, the soft sandy roads, and the lazy mules, the cheerful, shiftless log hovels with the swarms of fat, laughing, black babies

in front, the tall trees with their great gashes and lumps of turpentine near their base—he left the charming smile and warm hand-press of Sylvia Martyns, her soft tones bidding him come back without delay; he left the cheerful, alert assurance of Pinckney Martyns that they would all make their fortune out of this enterprise, and jumping on the train which had carelessly and characteristically rambled up to the little station in a burned clearing only five and one-half hours late, Strone vowed that it should be but a very few months before he returned to enjoy again the hospitality of Dainton's Mills.

He did not return, however, and over five years passed by before Strone saw Martyns once more. Shortly after reaching his home in the North he had thrown up his situation on the newspaper staff on which he had been working, had gone into the Far West, and had lost all touch with the East.

Once he saw a report in a paper that the United Tar Timber Company was on the market, and some one wrote him that Martyns was making a good thing out of it. That was all.

Meanwhile he had done such effective work on his Western newspaper that attention in the East had been again attracted to him, and now five months ago he had received a handsome offer from the New York "Star" of a position on its staff which might lead within a short time to something much better.

On that day when he had run across the Waifs' Club menu card, Strone was acting city editor, in the absence of the city editor, on a vacation. It was a dull season for news, and the lack of pressure of work had allowed him to indulge in the unusual luxury of reminiscing in office hours.

"A most attractive personality," thought Strone again as he mused over the menu card. "I wonder what's become of him." He turned to take up some copy when the office boy entered. "Mr. Martyns of South Carolina wants to see you, sir."

Strone looked at the boy in amazement. "Mr. Who?" he asked, thinking that his brain was playing him a trick.

"Mr. Martyns, I think he said," the boy replied.
Strone's mind flashed back not only to that dinner long past, but to a charming household in the South.

change, for he saw that the man was very nervous, but his effort was not particularly successful.

"Ah reckon you wouldn't have known me, Mr. Strone," Martyns said after a short, strained conversation.

"Ah reckon ah'm right different from the

ol' days."
"I'm mighty glad to see you, anyway," said Strone cheerily, "no matter how you're looking. How do you happen to be in New York, and how's everything down in South Carolina?"
Martyns grew very white in the face and gurgled in his throat instead of replying. Strone, alarmed at his looks, rose and shoved him into his own chair. There was only one chair in the city editor's office. People who had business there had to stand. This guaranteed brevity.

who had business there had to stand. Inis guaranteed brevity.

"Ah'm all right," protested Martyns, rising. "You keep yo' seat, sah. Don't you worry 'bout me, sah."

"Well, that's all right. Now, what can I do for you? I'm mighty glad to see you, and you must drop in and see me at my lodgings to-night—but, of course, a newspaper man's time isn't his own in office hours."

"Ah can make it short. I sure 'nough can, Mr. Strone," answered Martyns.

And then he told his story in the baldest, briefest manner. There was no need, however, of anything more graphic to shock Strone sincerely. In short, this was what the five years had brought to Pinckney Martyns:

was what the five years had brought to Pinckney Martyns:

The articles which Strone had written as the result of his trip had been of great advantage and profit to Martyns, and the trained, brilliant description of the timber-land country and industry had called the public's attention to the matter in just the right way. Martyns' own trip North had won him many friends, and had brought him into contact with financial men who proved of great assistance. Some of them, indeed, were among those whom he had met and interested that night at the Waifs' Club. He had succeeded in getting a shrewd New York promoter to take charge of placing the stock and bonds. In a short three of placing the stock and bonds. In a short three months the United Tar Timber Company had been formed and successfully floated on the market.

Everything looked bright, and he was apparently sure of making a large fortune. The company began operations, and the promoter—Martyns did not mention

his name--was made treas his name—was made treas-urer. Then a financial panic came along and things went more slowly, but there was no reason to be permanent-ly discouraged. Martyns, while retaining manage-ment of the timber part of the business, had known the business, had known nothing of the financial end, and had left that to the New York parties. It was New York parties. It was the old story. In two years the United Tar Timber Company was ruined; Pinckney Martyns was a poor man once more, and the promoter and treasurer was rich and a traveler in Europe. Suits of every was rich and a traveler in Europe. Suits of every kind were pending in various State and Federal courts, but as yet they had not succeeded in proving anything technically criminal. There were many stockholders who were raging to get hold of the re-

nal. There were many stockholders who were raging to get hold of the promoter and treasurer.

Such was the whole of Martyns' story. As he neared the end he grew more and more nervous. Finally, just as he had apparently finished, he plunged out one thing more. Strone was glancing at his watch, which lay on his desk.

"Mr. Strone, ah despise mahself fo' coming heah, and fo' asking you what ah'm going tew; but, sah, 'tis a mattah of abs'lute necessity with me, sah. Ah expect tew see some frien's heah within a few days, sah, but at present I haven't one cent.

expect tew see some frien's heah within a few days, sah, but at present I haven't one cent. Ah mos' suttenly will repay you, sah, but ah'm obliged tew ask you, sah, fo' the loan of twenty-five dollahs, sah."

Strone laid down his pen and looked Martyns over very carefully. Then he opened a drawer, took out his check-book and wrote rapidly without a word.

"It is a very slight return for the pleasure which you gave me in South Carolina six years ago," he said as he handed Martyns the check. "By the way, you haven't told me how Mrs. Martyns gripped the side of the desk and pressed his lips together, then looking out of the window with hard, set eyes, he replied jerkily, "Mah wife died a yeah ago, sah."

Strone rose and held out his hand. "I beg your pardon, old man." he said "them."

yeah ago, sah."

Strone rose and held out his hand. "I beg your pardon, old man," he said, "but, of course, I couldn't know. Now I tell you what I want you to do. You come and visit me while you're in New York. I've got two rooms round on East Fourth Street. You're going to be my guest. "No," he said, sitting down again and shaking his head at Martyns' attempted protest,



"The ol' Squire swoh all those witnesses on the Annual Report of the Postmastah-General"

The scent of sweet pine woods seemed to rise above the smell of freshly inked galley proofs and dusty files. That Southern trip seemed to him now almost a part of another existence.

"I'll see him." he said, as he pushed his chair back from the confused mass of papers on his desk.

He awaited with expectant pleasure the entrance of his former friend. A hollow-eyed, black-jowled, worn, untidy man slouched uneasily into the office. Strone scanned him suspiciously. Certainly this could not be that brilliant Pinckney Martyns who had held a crowd of boisterous diners captives to his charm of manner, and his grace of voice and feature, that night six years ago! He soon perceived, however, that there was no mistake, and he tried to appear as if he noticed no

"that is settled. You and I have got a lot to talk over. Here's my card. I shall expect you there to-night,

Martyns again tried to refuse, but Strone followed to the door. "You'll turn up there to-night. Don't forget," and he watched his shabby visitor slouch off through the outer office. Then he took up his work again, but the thought of the transformation of the brilliant South Carolinian rather troubled him.

When he strolled uptown to his rooms that night he when he stronged uptown to his rooms that hight he was half inclined to regret his hasty action. He was not sure that his acquaintance with Martyns had been sufficiently close to stand the test of six years' lapse and the changes of circumstances of both men.

There's a man in your rooms the servant girl greeted him at the door with a sniff in her tones. Strone grew more doubtful as he mounted the stairs. When he en-tered his dim rooms a figure was stretched out in his easy-chair. There was a strong smell of whis-key in the air, and the figure did

wey in the air, and the figure did not stir.

With some effort Strone roused him. Pinckney Martyns sat up weakly, blinked, and then said in a thick voice, "Ah mos' sho'ly ask yo' pahdon, sah. Ah've drunk tew much, an' ah know it, sah. But if you knew why, ah reckon you'd ovahlook it, sah." Then he gradually sunk back to sleep. Strone left him and went out for the evening, disgusted and unsettled as to what he should do next.

The following morning Mar-tyns' shame and grief at his lapse were so genuine that Strone had

were so genuine that Strone had not the heart to say anything except to repeat his invitation to remain his guest.

"Ah shall only be in New Yohk a week, ah hope," the latter had replied, "an' ah shall appreciate yo' kindness to ma dying day. An', tew, I mos' sho'ly shall pay you back the money which you advanced me yesterday, sah."

And so it was agreed that Martyns should stay for at least a week.

As the days passed by Strone

As the days passed by Strone found in his guest a peculiar combination of moods. At times Martyns seemed to regain all his old-time Southern charm of manner and speech. And as he told story after story of quaint sayings and idiosyncrasies of Dainton's Mills, of "wah-time" memories, the lazy, joyous speechmaker quaint sayings and idiosynerasies of Dainton's Mills, of "wah-time" memories, the lazy, joyous speechmaker of the Waifs' Club night appeared. He had a vivid way of bringing himself into all his stories, even those relating to other people, which produced a dramatic sense of reality. There was a certain gentle pomposity also about him which made Strone feel almost as if he were entertaining Colonel Carter of Cartersville himself. Again he recalled Follinger's remark, "A Southern baby is born with a story in his mouth."

Much of the time, however, Martyns' former buoyancy of spirit was entirely lacking, and he became absorbed, morose, expectant—as if there were impending some disaster.

This latter mood increased as the days went on.

This latter mood increased as the days went on. He offered no word of explanation at any time as to his mission in New York; but Strone gathered that it had some connection with the Timber Company. Each day he rose very early and left the house, sometimes returning to breakfast and going out again downtown with Strone; often not returning until late in the evening, long after Strone's work for the day had been over. His chief interest appeared to Strone to be to pore over the daily newspapers.

Strone's loan of twenty-five dollars seemed to worry him greatly, and as day after day went by without its repayment, Martyns reverted more and more to the topic, insisting that he could not leave New York until he had paid it.

Strone tried to laugh the matter away, but his guest was very serious and refused to regard it lightly. Once Strone met Martyns in front of the desk of a prominent hotel consulting. This latter mood increased as the days went on.

of the desk of a prominent hotel consulting the guest book.
"Looking for more old ac-

quaintahces?" he asked jokingly as he went by. Martyns did not take it as a joke, however, and Strone was brought again to realize the sensitiveness of the Southern character.

On the evening of the sixth day the two men were sitting smoking their cigars after dinner. Suddenly Martyns, who was reading the "Evening Star," gave a sharp ejaculation, threw the paper on the floor, took his hat and rushed out of the house. Strone was mildly surprised, but thought little of his guest's movement; although he did have curiosity enough to pick up the paper which Martyns had dropped and to look over the second page which he had been reading. He



"Ah've jus' seen a most teh'ble thing. Ah've jus' seen a murdah, sah"

could find nothing, however, to account for any such

sudden excitement.

When Martyns returned an hour later he appeared greatly agitated.

"You'll pahdon ma abruptness," he said, "ah had

When Martyns returned an hour later he appeared greatly agitated.

"You'll pahdon ma abruptness," he said, "ah had perceived some important news in the papah, sah," and during the remainder of the evening his thoughts were so absorbed that Strone found it impossible to draw him into conversation—even upon his favorite topic, the immense possibilities in the future of the South. And his eyes looked so wild that for the first time a tiny suspicion came into Strone's head as to the entire sanity of his guest.

The next morning when Strone came down to breakfast he found that his guest had risen early and had gone out as on several days previous.

Just after breakfast, however, Martyns hurried into Strone's room. He looked so pale and weak that Strone said, "For Heaven's sake, Martyns, what's the matter with you? Are you sick? Do you want anything?"

Martyns shook his head, but he held on to the back of a chair, and his whole body trembled excitedly.

Martyns shook his head, but he held on to the back of a chair, and his whole body trembled excitedly.
"Mr. Strone." he said, controlling his voice with difficulty, "ah'm going to try to pay back this mohning thet loan you made me, sah, only not in money, ah regret. Ah've a story tew tell you, sah, a story fo' yo' newspaper from which you ought tew make money, sah, an' ah'm going tew try tew tell it tew you now, sah." He staggered slightly, but waving away Strone's proffered assisting hand he dropped into a chair.

"What in the world are you talking about?" asked Strone, puzzled and disturbed at the wildness of his guest's behavior. Martyns paused long once more. Then he said, "Ah've jus' seen a most teh'ble thing, sah, an' it is thet ah'm going tew try tew describe fo' yo' papah. Ah've jus' seen a murdah, sah."

"Good God, Martyns, what do you mean?" said Strone, in a husky voice.

"A murdah, thet was awful enough, sah, but the teh'ble paht was thet I knew them both, both the man who walled him."

It was Strone who now dropped into a chair, shocked to silence.

Martyns himself sat quiet as if thinking deeply.

to silence. to silence.

Martyns himself sat quiet as if thinking deeply.

Finally Strone whispered, "Who—who were they?"

Martyns seemed hardly to hear him, but began a low, droning narration. Strone noticed how sunken

Martyns' cheeks were, how white his face was, and how his eyes shone. But he had difficulty in following Martyns' words, for his own brain was tumultuously revolving what possible chain of events could have linked Martyns to a murder at this early hour in the

linked Martyns to a market day.

"Did ah evah tell you, sah, of a man down at Dainton's Mills, a neighbor of mine, sah, named—named William Pinckney? No? Well, sah, this William Pinckney was a good frien' of mine, an' he got into business troubles 'bout the same time as I did. An' he got robbed in 'bout the same kind of way by a damnable scoundrel named Banscombe from New Yohk. Did you evah heah of him?"

Yohk. Did you evan ''No—go on,'' said Strone, alert once more, but almost impatient of the preliminary story.

"This Banscombe was a handsome, smalt scoundrel, who came So'th tew Dainton's Mills on business an' kep' coming. Ah knew him mahself, sah, an' knew what he was. Well, this William Pinckney out all his business intew this ne was. Weil, this William Finckney put all his business intew this Banscombe's han's an' thought that he'd done a good stroke thet way. An' it was necessary for Banscombe tew keep coming, as ah said, tew visit this William Pinckney, an' when he did so he kep' seeing mo' an mo' of William Pinckney's wife. An'—tew make it sho't—the las' time he came when he went away he did not go alone, but thet lovely girl—for she wahn't mo'n a girl—went away with him. As I tol' you, he was a scoundrel. An' after thet Banscombe an' William Pinckney's wife went away from New Yohk, no one knew where, and William Pinckney's business went tew smash also. But thet las' William Pinckney's business went tew smash also. But thet las' thing he did not min'. But the firs' thing—thet he should be robbed of his deah wife—thet William Pinckney swore tew God, sah, thet he would have blood fo'. Ah knew all this, you see, sah, beca'se we both lived in the same town. So William Pinckney waited an' waited long, but knowsame town. So William Pinckney waited an' waited long, but know-ing all the time thet some day his time would come. An' bout a month ago he says tew me, 'Marmonth ago he says tew me, 'Martyns,' says he, 'ah've learnt thet
thet damned villain is coming
back tew New Yohk, an' I'm going thar tew meet him.' An' so
William Pinckney lef' Dainton's Mills an' went tew
New Yohk an' waited."
"But what about the—" asked Strone.
"Ah'm coming to thet sah' 'Martyns replied. "Thet

"At m coming to thet, sah," Martyns replied. "Thet coming," he repeated with a gulp.
"It mus' have been vehy shoulty after thet I came by New Yohk, sah, mahself, an' while ah've waited eah mahself on mah own business thet William Pinckney was waiting tew.

"Well, sah, ah want you tew have this whole story, but ah don't want tew make it tew long—"

"Go on—go on," Strone said again; "what happened?"

"Go on—go on, but on."

"What mus' have happened is this, sah. Thet Banscombe mus' have returned to New Yohk yesterday an' Pinckney mus' have found him out an' sought him in his own house this morning. An' now ah'il tell you, sah, what ah've seen mahself."

"Did you see it yourself?" cried Strone.

"Not quite, but it happened 'bout this way," said Martyns:

"Not quite, but it happened 'bout this way," said Martyns:

"Ah was walking this mohning 'bout an hour ago in West — eighth Street, when shahp right from a house beside me ah heard a pistol shot. Ah've heard tew many of these shots down in the So'th not tew know them. Ah ran up the steps of the house an' rang the bell. Then ah perceived the front door was open a crack. Ah pushed it in vehy cahfully. Thar was smoke floating down the hall. I stopped whar I was an' listened, an' then, befoh God, sah, ah hope nevah to see such a sight again. Thar right in front of me were tew men. One was lying fallen back on the lower steps of the staircase an' the blood a dripping slowly down off the stairs. The othah was lying on the rug almost in front of the do' with the top of his head blown off. an' a revolvah in his han'. An' the smoke was still wreathing 'roun' the ceiling. And thet is what has happened this mohning to William Pinckney an' William T. Banscombe.

"Ah reckon thet William Pinckney, knowing thet thet Banscombe had gone back to his old house, an' thet thar were no servants in the house, had gone thar this mohning befo' he was likely to leave, had rung the bell, an' thet Banscombe had answered it himself, an' thet Pinckney had shot him thar on sight. But ah knew, sah, thet just thet would happen when



SOUTHERNER STRONE'S

(Continued from page 18)

Martyns was gasping for breath. His words had tumbled out faster and faster toward the end of his story. All his Southern indolence of speech had disappeared.

Strone was sitting like a man hypnotized.

"Ah—ah've hurried heah tew tell you all this, sah, so thet yo' papah may have—dew you call it a scoop? What no othah papah can know. An' now thet ah've tol' you the story, sah, ah mus' be going."

Martyns moved toward the door. "Hold on," cried Strone. "Did you notify

the police?

"Ah mos' sho'ly did right off as soon as I could recovah mahself from thet teh'ble sight, sah. When ah left the house the police were thar, sah; but I did not tell them, sah, thet ah knew the dead men. Thet, sah, I reserved fo' you and teh'ble sight, sah. yo' papah

You'd better stay still, old man," said Strone. "You look pretty badly used

up after what you've gone through."

"Ah shall be all right, sah," Martyns said, "but ah mus' really be going.

Ah've an appointment to keep this molning."

Strone looked at him doubtfully, but did not restrain him, and Martyns

Strone looked at him doubtfully, but did not restrain him, and Martyns hurried out of the lease as he had done each morning of his visit.

Then Strone heard the clock strike nine. "Jumping Moses!" he ejaculated, "as late as that? I'd better get down to the office. Good Lord, what an extraordinary story to run into to start one's day on! I wish Martyns hadn't left me, though. There's a lot more details I must get. But this is where the "Star" will certainly make a ten strike. I'll put Tom Panners right on to this job. He'll do it beautifully—only he must get hold of Martyns again."

Strone was very late in arriving at the office, and the force were marveling greatly. The new Acting City Editor had been a terror for exact promptness. He made amends for this lateness by setting every one on the jump without a second's delay.

"Has the report come in of that murder up on West - eighth Street?" he

No report had yet been sent in from police headquarters or otherwise.
"Send Panners to me," he said sharply. Tom Panners hurried into the

"Murder and suicide at West — eighth Street two hours and a half ago. Hurry up there, get details, if Jackson (Jackson was the man who should have covered this thing) hasn't already. Find a man named Pinckney Martyns and get further details." He ran over briefly to Panners the chief points of the story that Martyns had already told. "Have that story ready for an afternoon extra." Panners hurried out again and dashed for the Elevated.

The story in its professional aspect had so engrossed Strone's attention that now for the first time he thought of it from its purely human side. It must have been a terrible shock to Martyns—and Martyns nowadays wasn't strong enough

to stand shocks.

The morning wore on, and in the press of other business Strone gave no more thought to this murder until he was brought round to it again by seeing Panners enter the office. It was so unusual a thing for a reporter to appear in person to the City Editor after having had an assignment that Strone frowned and said brusquely, "What is it?"

Panners hesitated. Strone repeated angrily, "What is it?" Then looking up he noticed that Panners looked puzzled and very ill at ease.

"Well, have you covered that murder fully?"

sir.

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ff.

"What are you doing here then?"

Panners cleared his throat, looked even more ill at ease, and finally said jerkily, "There was something queer about it, sir."
"Queer, what do you mean—queer?" Strone scrutinized Panners severely.

"Queer, what do you mean—queer?" Strone scrutinized Panners severely. "When did I understand you to say, Mr. Strone," Panners asked, "that that murder happened?"

"About half-past seven this morning, I believe," Strone said. "Why?"
Panners shook his head and looked doubtfully at his superior.
"I don't understand it at all—not at all," he replied. "You said in West eighth Street, didn't you, sir?"

"What the devil's the matter with you?" Strone cried, losing his patience.
"There's something here too queer for me," the other said solemnly. "The fact is that murder happened just half an hour before I arrived at the house, and the man William T. Banscombe was shot while I was on my way up to the house which you told me to go to."

Strone jumped from his chair, knocking it over. "What!" he shouted. "What's that?"

"What's that?"

"That's true, Mr. Strone," continued Panners. "I got into the house just after the police arrived. There wasn't another newspaper man on the spot. And we've got the biggest kind of a scoop.—Oh, I've seen to that already."—Strone had pressed a button in the side of his desk.—"But Banscombe was not shot at any seven-thirty. The smoke was still in the hall and the two men still bleeding."

"Two men-I was right in that? There were two killed then?" asked Strone

"Yes, sir, you were right in that? I here were two killed then?" asked Strone hoarsely. His throat was a little dry.

"Yes, sir, you were right in that, although God only knows how you knew about it, sir. The murderer shot himself just after he killed the other."

"Did you—did you find the man I told you to look out after, Pinckney Martyns?" Strone was talking with considerable difficulty.

"No, sir, and the police said they hadn't seen any one and didn't know the man."

"But he was the man who notified the police," said Strone.

"I beg your pardon; sir, it couldn't have been. "The policeman was called in by a baker's man who was driving by and heard the shots. There wasn't any servant in the house. Mr. Banscombe had only just returned to the house the night before after a long absence. He'd apparently come downstairs in his dressing-gown to open the door personally."

"Do the police know who the murderer was?"

"Not at the reverse rething on him tegins the least plane. Decourse."

"No, and there was nothing on him to give the least clew. Donovan, who patrols that beat, said, however, that he'd seen the man hanging round the street several times lately and had kept a sort of eye on him. I got a rough sketch of the murderer. I left the office in such a hurry that I didn't take my

He produced a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to Strone. The latter gave one glance at it and then dropped it on the floor—but he had known what he should see on it before he had taken it. There, rudely sketched, but unmistakable, was the likeness of Pinckney Martyns.

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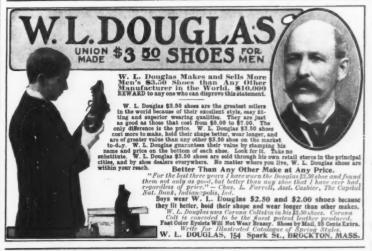
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STRONE'S SOUTHERNER

(Continued from page 19)

William Pinckney Martyns.

Strone lay back in his chair, feeling sick at his stomach. Panners watched him in blank surprise.

"Bring me a copy of last night's paper," Strone said at last.

He turned to the second page swiftly and ran it over until he came to a column containing the list of arrivals on the City of Paris, which had docked the preceding afternoon. Near the top of the list was the name "William T.

"Ask Mr. Burke if he will kindly step over and see me," he said. Burke was the financial editor.

"Burke," he asked, "did you ever hear of a man named William T. Banscombe?"

"Well, I should say. What's he done now?

"Nothing—only been shot," said Strone. "Who was he?"
Burke whistled. "Shot? I wonder he wasn't long ago. Why, he was a promoter back about six years ago, organized a lot of companies, busted most of them. Sent some big Southern company up the flume, ran off to Europe with a man's wife, raised hell generally."

"Thank you," said Strone. "That's what I thought."

Burke looked puzzled at this remark; but Strone did not explain further.

And that was the way in which William Pinckney Martyns repaid Strone his loan before he died. He had given the New York "Star" the scoop; for he had told the editor the story of a thing that had not yet occurred at the time of the story. He had lived his revenge twice, once in the telling and once in

The South had shown again its capacity to take the law into its own hands.

Two months later, Strone was in his native city on his vacation, and attended the monthly dinner of the Waifs' Club. He had not dined with 1-is fellow Waifs for several years, and the renewal of old associations was a delight. The officers had changed, there was a fresh sprinkling of younger members; but the old customs and traditions were stable. There was a sense of spontaneous, irresponsible gayety that always made these dinners the best kind of a purge for over-strenuous sanity; and the absolute foolishness of the most of the fun was a relief to Strone after his strict business life in New York.

What Breighton had once said of Drake on the latter's return from Egypt always had impressed Strone as typical of all the Club members—that "he had brought sunshine back with him from the Nile."

Then, too, the frankness of the criticism and heartiness of the praise when due gave added emphasis to the poet's lines on Bohemia:

"For only there are values true, The laurels gathered in all men's view."

This evening, the persiflage, the songs, the repartee, and the poems were much as usual.

Faulkner had just sat down after spearing a small broiled squab served to him, and holding it out at arm's length and apostrophizing it in Wordsworth's words:

"Even yet thou art to me No bird, but an invisible thing."

The Secretary ended his records with a story told at the last dinner, char-

acterizing it as "pathetic, but leaving the Club apathetic."

Then Strone was called upon. "I'm going to tell you men a pathetic story myself. Do any of you remember a brilliant Southerner named Pinckney Martyns who dined here six years ago?" he asked.

"That was the night when we presented our great tank scene drama, wasn't it?" said Follinger.

"It was certainly a great moral show," said Strone, laughing. Then he proceeded to tell the foregoing story of Martyns' death.

When he had finished the Club was very quiet. Finally Breighton, the law-yer, said, "That's a most impossible tale. No man would have had the foolhardiness to tell of a crime before he had ever committed it."

"But Martyns did," Strone replied.

"Do you mean to say that he went out that morning, found that his enemy had returned, planned to murder him, came back and told you what he was going to do, and then went and did it?"

"That's exactly what happened."

'I guess, Strone, you've let your journalistic imagination dress that story up a bit," said Harriman. "How did he know that he would be able to carry out his plan after describing it to you? That requires an improbable, impossible iron nerve.'

"That's what Martyns had," said Strone. "He was living for but two things—to repay me and to avenge his wrongs."

There was silence again round the table.

"Strone," said Fabyan, the Secretary, "you may be all right as an editor, but as a story-telling boon companion you're about as cheerful as a slate gravestone. These dinners are places for gladsome poetry, not for gloomy Poe."
"Fabyan," retorted Strone, "when I was last here, they used to have some

verses called 'The Waifian Stoic,' which referred to the Secretary's gladsome poetry, and which ran, as I recall, about like this:

> "I'm a tough old stoic, and it's never I care How dully the dinners are creeping;
> And whether the verse be bad or worse
> I care not, so long's I'm sleeping.
> And for Waifian dinners I keep an extra snore,
> For of literary 'fellers' I am wary;
> I sleep a little more when I hear an extra bore— And most when I hear the Secretary.

Before the discomfited Secretary could make rejoinder the Club voted to adjourn.

But Pinckney Martyns is remembered in the Club records.

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shocks.

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CONSULS ON MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP ABROAD

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

AVING converted two-thirds of the population of Chicago, and of nobody knows how many more American cities, the idea of municipal ownership has attracted the attention of the Government. It has occurred to somebody in the ! epartment of Commerce and Labor to make a collection of all the reports upon that subject sent in by consuls within the past eight years and reprint them in a separate publication. It would have been more useful to secure a set of fresh reports that would have given us a flashlight picture of things as they are, but in default of that the present assortment is well worth having. It brings a number of scattered impressions together, and enables us to form some idea of the general drift of things.

It appears that in Germany the tendency has been to let private enterprise try experiments in providing cities with public conveniences and then to have the governments take charge of them after they have been worked into running order. A concession is granted for a term of years, with reversion to the city. But German experience does not bear out the theory that public authorities are slow, unenterprising, and inhospitable to new inventions. On the contrary, according to Commercial Agent Harris, at Eibenstock, government control of utilities "has led to a great rivalry among the large cities of the Empire in striving to be first in the application of the newest methods and latest inventions known to science." Germany considers local government a thing for experts. It is not satisfied with running it on what we used to call "business principles," which means in practice milking the public for the profit of financiers. It runs a city actually as a shrewd business man would run an establishment of his own. It hires the most competent men it can get to do the work, and gives them every opportunity to do it right. "The citizen of Berlin," says a correspondent of the London "Mail," "is provided with sanitary dwellings, with unadulterated food, with schools and technical colleges, and with insurance for s

What Good Government Can Accomplish

What Good Government Can Accomplish

Berlin, according to Consul-General Mason, is "perhaps the cleanest, most progressive, and one of the best administered large cities in the world." With over half the population of New York at streets were kept beautifully clean last year at a total labor cost of \$529,000—less than one-tenth the amount spent in New York for keeping the streets as we see them. Berlin filters its entire water supply. Instead of polluting its river with crude sewage it carries its drains to sewage farms, which paid all expenses last year and turned a net surplus of \$91,750 into the city treasury. Every animal killed for food in the German capital must be butchered at the municipal slaughter-house, where it is minutely inspected and stamped. Berlin finds work for its unemployed, and cares for them and their families while they are getting it.

Cologne has a municipal street car system on which you can buy a yearly ticket, good on all lines, for \$23,8, and one good on any one line for \$1.66. The highest single fare is three cents and a half, and the highest fare for a child under ten years is one cent and two-tenths. At these rates the system paid the city a clear profit which amounted to nearly 6 per cent on its investment in the first year, 1898, and has been increasing ever since.

At Mannheim the municipal electric traction system was put in charge of an engineer from Basel. This transfer of experts from place to place is a common feature of European administration. Mannheim has universal transfers, and the highest fares are about three cents and a half for single tickets or three cents when fifty tickets are bought at once.

It may be observed here that a very noticeable point in looking over the foreign traction field is the advantage gained in Europe by exemption from the mental tyranny of the nickel. Our street railroad companies heap up unearned millions out of the psychological twist that makes us regard five cents as the natural one, and so we find fares ranging all the way from a cent

Meals at One Cent Apiece

Nantes has municipal kitchens, in connection with dormitories, for the destitute. Other kitchens are maintained for those who can afford to pay a trifle for their meals. The patron may take his choice of beef soup, boiled beef, beef stew, beef with sauce, codish, pork and cabbage, beef à la ravigote, stewed tripe, and eggs à la tripe at two cents a plate. Those whose means will not admit such luxury may have a more modest banquet of water soup, beans and rice for a cent.

tripe, and eggs a la tripe at two cents a plate. Those whose means will not admit such luxury may have a more modest banquet of water soup, beans and rice for a cent.

In England the municipal ownership movement reached such a height two or three years ago as to alarm capitalists and cause a certain reaction. In 1900 English cities had no less than \$1,500,000,000 invested in municipal undertakings, and in 1902 they had debts amounting to \$1,717,082,910—about twice the national debt of the United States. They have been hampered by no ancient prejudices about the proper functions of government. Liverpool a few years ago bought up a lot of unsanitary land and covered it with model dwellings for workmen, established an admirable system of swimming and tub baths, with salt and iresh water, and took over the whole electric light plant and all the street railroads. A private corporation had been running those roads by horse-power—the city at once substituted electricity. This has been a frequent experience in Great Britain—the notable case of Glasgow will occur to every one. It was not until 1896 that British municipalities were allowed to run tramways, and six years later ninety-nine of them owned their own systems. Two hundred and forty towns had municipal gas-works and one hundred and eighty-one municipal electric light plants. There were no transfers on any British municipal railroads in 1902, but Liverpool expected to introduce universal two-cent fares. Leamington and Harrowgate own Turkish baths, and Harrowgate gives free exhibitions of fireworks. Sheffield has built income-producing shops out of the profits of its street-railway system. Chester owns a race-course, and Doncaster not only owns a course, but manages the races and makes so much money out of them that it has been able to abolish borough taxes. Some of the London suburbs have bought the Alexandra Palace and give organ recitals, band concerts, theatrical shows, and industrial exhibitions there. Torquay raises rabbits and Colchester grows municipal oys



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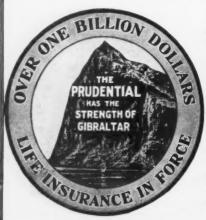
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CONSULS ON MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP ABROAD

(Continued from page 23)

service, whose establishment compelled the private telephone monopoly to cut its rates in two.

Many British cities are carrying on campaigns against the slums by clearing off unwholesome rookeries and building model dwellings, sometimes tenements and sometimes single houses. The law allows a city not only to build dwelling houses, but to provide them with gardens of not more than half an acre each. Moreover, the municipality is allowed to equip the house with furniture and all other conveniences. In Liverpool 12,000 unsanitary dwellings had been demolished down to 1902, and the city was furnishing the poor with homes at rents as low as 45 cents a week for a single room, and running from that up to a maximum of \$1.25 to \$1.50 for four rooms.

These interesting bits of information whet the appetite for more. A large and strictly contemporary volume of consular reports on the latest workings of municipal enterprise throughout the world would be one of the most popular publications the Government could issue.

NOTE—Mr. Moffett will make a study in Europe this summer of some points in which certain foreign

NOTE—Mr. Moffett will make a study in Europe this summer of some points in which certain foreign icipalities can give instruction to American cities, and the results of his observations will appear in Editor Collier's.

HOW MUKDEN WAS WON

(Continued from page 13)

Japanese genius provided a substitute. The soldiers carried empty sand bags. These they filled by scraping up the thin surface of the earth which the sun had thawed. Some even carried blocks of wood. One man, we know, had a carpet bag. He was found dead beside it.

These they filed by scraping up the thin surface of the earth which the sunhad thawed. Some even carried blocks of wood. One man, we know, had a carpet bag. He was found dead beside it.

Except for the collections of mudhouses a mile or more apart, no cover other than ruts or ditches is available. The villages formed strategic points, which became the centres of fierce coagulations of strife. Making the whole like the squares of a checkerboard, every house is set in a stone or mud-walled compound. These are excellent protection from rifle fire, but offer little opportunity for seeing your opponent when he is at a distance.

Once a Japanese line began working its way forward at one end of a village and a Russian line at the other, you had a game of hide-and-seek. Warfare in 1905 A.D. reverted to a primeval scrimmage where the brute bravery and fox-like cunning of individuals and small groups won the day. Both sides avoided the open street as they would the third rail. The fighters hugged the walls or broke through the walls of houses in order to get into the next square when Russian fired and lunged at Japanese, and Japanese at Russian.

The difference of race allowed of instant distinction of whether the man you suddenly met at the corner was on your side or the other, while two European foes, both clad in khaki, could scarcely have told friend from foe. His agility and size were all in favor of the little man. The bayonet became more useful than the bullet, and the hand grenade than either. This small metal tube is thrown from the hand as a boy tosses an apple which he has impaled. It explodes on contact.

They tell the story of a number of Russians and a number of Iapanese. It explodes on contact.

It explodes on contact.

They tell the story of a number of Russians and a number of Japanese who found themselves on either side of a wall. Both waited hopefully for the other to try to scale it. Then one of the Japanese slipped back and got a hand grenade. Le dropped it over the wall into the laps of the enemy and called out that he had more. Never was there a more ghastly checkmate. The Russians had to surrender.

Russians had to surrender.

Likompau was a village in point. There occurred the bitterest fight to the west of Mukden. The streets and the compounds became shambles. Here was the centre of those attacks by which the Japanese sought to rectify their line in Nogi's support; of those counter-attacks by which Kuropatkin still hoped to retrieve his error and isolate Nogi. One regiment is reported to have held off a whole Russian division. Like the battalions of Kuroki's armies at Witosan, the Japanese here were told to stand to the last man. They stood.

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Holding the Centre

By such sacrifices as this and the use of all his reserves, Oku was not only able to hold his own, but to make some advances on the 5th and 6th, when Nogi did nothing except to stiffen his line. As for Nodzu, with Oku's two divisions on the centre, it was not expected that he would make any headway. Behind them were the comforting barks of the howitzers and Krupps which had torn the roofs off the heads of the defenders of 203-Metre Hill at Port Arthur. They could not storm intrenchments which the Russians had been months in making. Their part, presently, was to hug the enemy so close that he was always under threat of a decisive charge; that he dared not spare any men for other vital points. In some places Nodzu's men got to within three or four yards of the Russians, and there they lay sleepless from cold with the thermometer fifteen or twenty degrees below freezing at night.

Next to Nodzu was Kuroki. To him was assigned a task requiring the same versatility which has distinguished his corps from the time of its crossing of the Yalu to the present. He has had to exhibit the qualities of a good pedestrian, of the bulldog and the fox. At Liao-Yang he fought his way through the mountains and on to the plain; so at the Sha, and so at Mukden. But never once has he been allowed to remain on the plain after he had reached it.

reached it. Kuroki again faced steep slopes with narrow valleys between them. Kuropatkin, who had been so often fooled by the old fox's work in the hills, was determined to hold him this time. It is in the hills that the Russians most fear the Japanese, of course. Even after the battle of the Sha they still held to the fetich that on the "home grounds"—on the plain—the advan-

most fear the Japanese, of course. Even after the battle of the Sha they still held to the fetich that on the "home grounds"—on the plain—the advantage was with them.

The surprises were not all on the Russian side. Kuropatkin's concentration of attention on the east was not entirely without favorable result to the Russians. His line was much longer and much stronger than the Japanese had supposed, and the Yalu army swinging in, expectant of a little opposition and much hard marching, found itself in the face of superior numbers and rather hard pressed. Kuropatkin had taken just as great care to screen his left as the Japanese had to screen theirs while Nogi was concentrating at Sha-pei-ho. Such was his success that the Japanese had been unable to reconnoitre the ground over which they were to fight. This ought to dispose of one of the wonder ideas of foreigners to the effect that the Japanese have the most minute topographical maps of the whole of Manchuria. Even Kuropatkin voices the mistake in his report of the battle of Mukden. The maps we had were those captured from the Russians.

Turning to Nogi, we find him making no advance at all on the 4th and 5th. On the 6th he swung a little further north. By this time the expected had happened. The reserves sent to the east early in the battle were marched back. They no more waited till they were ready than the two divisions which had such short shrift. On the 7th they threw themselves precipitately on Nogi's line. But all the spirit of fight was out of their tired legs. Nogi shook them off and was still able to make a little ground. Three separate assaults he had now beaten in detail.



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HOW MUKDEN WAS WON

(Continued from page 25)

Now the 7th was a red-letter day for Kuroki's army. For one week it had lain on the frozen ground making no progress. On the morning of that day the commander of the left division sent in word that the enemy was moving a little. The headquarters staff had already observed that the Russian shell-fire was decreasing. In the valley of Kowtai-lin-shan a small force was seen retreating. General Kuroki was writing the order to attack when the field wire ticked off the news that the left division had entered the enemy's works and found him gone. "Attack" was crossed out and "Pursue" substituted. Then Kuroki asked Nodzu if he had noticed any weakening on his front. Nodzu said he would investigate, and he did, with the result that soon his soldiers were in the trenches which they had faced all winter. Maybe the First and Fourth Armies were not happy by this time, from generals down to transporters! Limbs numbed by cold might at last stretch themselves in action. When you have not made a mile for four months, and the road is suddenly cleared, soldiers need no urging to the pursuit.

Kuropatkin's Last Chance

Rutopatkin's Last Chance

But the battle was scarcely won yet. Nogi was not out of danger. As hard and harder fighting was to come as had passed. As you will see by the map, the Japanese line as a whole now faced toward the northeast. The right seems too far back to force a result more decisive than that of Liao-Yang. Drawing in his troops with the same skill that he did then, Kuropatkin ought to have been able to hold Nogi fast back from his line of retreat as he held Kuroki on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of last September. He had now moved his headquarters back from Fushun to his railway car. His fault at first was in paying too much attention to his left; later he neglected it altogether.

The First Army did not catch up with the Russian rearguard until they were ten miles beyond the Sha on the 8th. Thus far they had marched their columns away from Kuroki and Nodzu as unimpeded as if they were coming home to barracks after maneuvres. The pursuers had yet to cross the Hun River. That was the natural second line of defence for the Russian Left. If the ice were out the crossing might have been delayed for days. Paralleling the river was the railroad branch built out to Fushan, a town of three or four hundred houses, some twenty miles due east of Mukden. A part of the First Army reached the Hun on the 8th. It was still frozen on the 9th when both Nodzu and Kuroki were altogether up with it, and Kuroki had a portion of his command across. The Russians did not make a strong stand here.

The release of all the reserves on the Russian Left meant more troops to press the Japanese Left. On the 9th Oku found himself in the face of intrenched positions which he could not budge. At this point, now so clearly critical, the Russians poured out blood as if it were water. Further north they attacked Nogi in masses with fiendish desperation. He had one brigade annihilated. In one regiment of that brigade, I am told, but a single officer was alive and unwounded. Still, on the whole, Nogi did not give ground. But could he stand such an

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division, which was able to dash ahead and catch the thick of the retreat under its guns.

With victory in the air the other two divisions were not to be denied. They made their crossing good. From that time onward no critic could have spoken of the Japanese pursuit as slow. Kawamura's Yalu army was too far to the east to be brought to bear on the line of Russian retreat. Kuroki's men, heavily equipped, kept on for sixty miles with scarcely any sleep.

The plan of concentration for a dash had succeeded as it has so often for the Japanese. Could Kuropatkin have kept Kuroki and Nodzu back another twenty-four hours, gradually drawing in his centre while he held Nogi on his right, his army might have gotten away without anything approaching the loss in prisoners that he sustained. With Nodzu north of Mukden his centre was in the neck of a bottle. The Russians filed north in columns along the railroad as fast as they could, with transportation blocking the way. There was no safety for them until they should get past Tiehling. Without waiting, on a studied approach one of Kuroki's divisions took the pass at the cost of a thousand casualties. That was not in the plan as a part of Kuroki's work. But the wire to Grand Headquarters was down now for the first time. He could not wait on permission. He saw that the thing to do was to take the pass, and he took it.

The Trap Closed

But before this the regiments of Kuroki and Nogi and Nodzu and Oku had dovetailed in crossing the railroad. Thousands of Russians were still in Mukden. Detachments of troops fresh from Europe lost their way. All plan and order ceased with the brain of the army on the other side of the pass. Some thirty-five thousand prisoners were taken like fish in a net.

The poor moujiks—superstitious and childlike—worn by vigils and combats, were pitiful in their suppliancy to their captors—pitiful beyond the contemplation of the pride of free peoples. An unarmed correspondent and a censor met four armed Russian privates in the road. They kotowed; they fell to their knees. One of them held out a cheap American safety razor—a present when he left home—his dearest possession, a peace offering. When they were made to understand that they were to fall in behind their captors horses, one of them was apparently still quite unconvinced that he was not to be massacred, for he chanted prayers from a book as he shuffled along. It was with this lot as with scores of others who had hidden in Chinese houses till the Japanese line had passed, and then came timidly out to the roadside and surrendered at what they conceived to be a favorable moment.

One of Nogi's officers picked up on the field a little manual by Kuropatkin himself, for the information of his army about Japanese methods of warfare. In this the General says:

"In order to conceal the main object of their attack the Japanese try a demonstration at another part of the line with fewer troops and more guns. Sometimes this demonstration continues for days and nights (as that of the Yalu army did), and then they come up to their objective with their main force" (as Nogi did).

By committing that very error which he warned his officers against, Kuropatkin lost the battle of Mukden.

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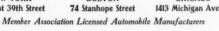
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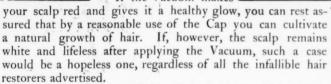


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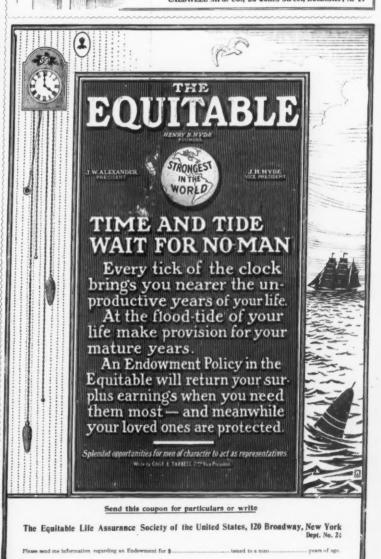


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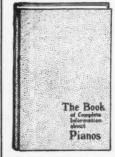
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They can thus gauge accurately the relative earning power of each separate bit of copy published at their expense, and of each medium in which that copy has been inserted.

They thus know what kind to avoid, as well as what kind to use.

Please note that the Lord & Thomas definition of "General Publicity" is "Keeping, the name before the people." When we speak of "General Advertising" we mean copy which sells goods through the Retailer. This latter class of advertising constitutes three-fourths of our business.

And note also that we are NOT "advising" General Advertisers to GO INTO MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

WE DO, however, strongly insist that all Copy for GENERAL ADVERTISING should possess as much positive SELLING FORCE and CONVICTION as it would NEED to actually and profitably SELL Goods direct BY MAIL.

Here is the actual experience of a well-known national Advertiser, who sells a \$5.00 article by mail only.

This Advertiser has proved that a certain fixed average per cent of his Inquiries convert into direct sales through his "follow-up" system.

Each Inquiry is therefore worth a certain fixed price to him which he can pay with profit.

One single piece of copy has been run for that Advertiser, practically without change, in all mediums used, for over two years. About \$200,000 has been spent in repeated publication ofthat single bit of copy. Why?

Because, it produced results (Inquiries) at lower cost than any other copy ever run for them in eight years, until lately.

The first month Inquiries from it cost (say) 85 cents each.

Repetition, for two years, wore out some of its interest, so that Inquiries from it finally cost an average of (say) \$1.00 each.

New "copy" had been tried a great many times, written by many different ad-smiths, but no other ad ever produced the Inquiries at less than \$2.85 average, till lately.

Some of the copy that looked good enough to try, cost \$14.20 per Inquiry. And that was better looking copy than half of what fills "General Publicity" space in costly mediums at this very minute.

Consider what the knowledge derived from a large collection of certified data, like the above, means when

placed at the disposal of General Advertisers who now "go it blind" on copy.

If the \$5.00 article had been sold through Retailers, in the usual way, without accurate means of checking results from every advertisement it is more than probable that the \$14.20 kind of copy would have been used continuously.

Because, that was the "catchy" kind, so much in favor at this very minute with "General Publicity" Advertisers.

And, it would have been considered *good* copy so long as the *salesmen* did its work in addition to their own, the General Results being credited in a general way to "General Publicity."

But,—it would clearly have required fourteen times as much of that "\$14.20 kind" of alleged "Advertising" to produce the same amount of selling effect upon the public as the "85 cent kind" of copy (which averaged about \$1.00 per inquiry over the two years) actually did produce.

Let us figure this out more conclusively:

The Blank Company spent about \$75,000 per year, for space, with copy producing Inquiries at about \$1.00 average.

It would thus have cost them about fourteen times as much, or \$1,050,000 per year, to sell as many of their \$5.00 articles through the \$14.20 kind of ''catchy" copy as it actually did cost them to sell the same quantity with the \$1.00 average kind of copy.

Good Reader, get that thought clearly into your mind, for we're talking cold facts now,—facts we can verify to any prospective client.

What was it worth to the Blank Company to get a new advertisement which would pull Inquiries at the old rate of 85 cents each, when their most successful copy had worn out, after two years' use, so that Inquiries were finally costing them \$1.25 average?

Figure it out and you'll see that *one* single piece of such copy would be worth a third of their \$75,000 yearly appropriation, viz., \$25,000.

Because, it would add a third to what their appropriation is solely spent for, viz., Inquiries for their goods.

But Lord & Thomas "Reason-why" Copy did better than that, when applied.

It reduced the cost of Inquiries, for the self-same \$5.00 article, to 41 cents average, during all the months it has been running.

Now Reflect what similar treatment with your appropriation would mean to you, Mr. Advertiser!

The earning power of every dollar *trebled* by the mere substitution of Lord & Thomas "Salesmanshipon-Paper" for the best copy the Advertiser had in ten years prior to that substitution.

An Advertising appropriation of \$75,000 made equal in proven earning power to what \$225,000 would have earned, with the copy which preceded it and which was producing Inquiries at \$1.25.

That single piece of Lord & Thomas copy, now running practically without change for about four months, has in that time produced approximately 60,976 Inquiries. These are worth \$1.25 each to the Advertiser, or \$91,464 in all, though we reduced their cost to 41 cents each with an actual outlay of about \$25,000.

In four months that one piece of copy has thus earned \$66,466 more for the Advertiser than the \$1.25 kind of Copy used immediately before it had produced from the same investment.

And, what made it pull Inquiries, by Mail is precisely what would make it produce Inquiries verbally for the goods, through Retailers, by the use of Lord & Thomas' "reason why" and Conviction in the Copy.

This, Mr. Advertiser, is only one of many actual instances that we can prove up to Advertisers who agree to place their appropriations through us provided we do thus prove up our capacity to increase Results, with their present appropriations.

Other Advertising Agents will belittle this statement because they do not know what we do about comparative Results from actual Tests on Copy, such as we have made.

They cannot know what our "Salesmanship-on-Paper" is capable of doing. Because they have never had the equipment to produce it, nor the organization to record and compare Results from it with "General Publicity" results, in such a way as to provide a reliable guide for the writing of future Copy.

Moreover, it is not *their* money that pays for the space they fill with "General Publicity,"—the "\$14.20" kind of Copy.

They risk nothing in any case. Their commission is just as safe when they fill your space with cheap and catchy "General Publicity" as it would be if they filled it with that reliable "Salesmanship-on-Paper" which produces results for "41 cents" as against \$14.20.

But,—how can you hope to compete when using such "\$14.20" copy against your competitor who may pit our "41 cent" kind of copy against you?

Not one Advertising Agency in America pays a third what we do (viz.—\$72,000 per year in Salaries) for a capable Copy-Staff.

Not three, in America, pay individually a fifth of what we pay for Copy.

Three-fourths of what other Agencies spend for "Service" is paid to able Solicitors who simply sell you Space but cannot help you to fill that space with the Kind of Copy that brings you back large profit.

Not a *fifth* of what other Agencies pay for "Service" is invested in the *Copy*, which alone determines how *profitable* or unprofitable that space be made *for .you*.

The Advertising world is waking up to this fact, Mr. Advertiser, and don't forget that it is we,—Lord & Thomas—who are doing the awakening.

Could we afford to raise this disturbing question, on the tremendous importance of "Copy," if we were not the best equipped Advertising Concern in America to produce the kind we are talking about, for Clients who want it?

We have cited a Mail Order proposition in this article simply because it provided a simple example of traceable results on one kind of Test.

But, we have proved that what makes Copy sell goods by Mail makes it sell them, in equal ratio, through Retailers, over the counter by General Advertising.

Our article "Making Sure of Results from General Advertising" in another June Magazine explains this phase of the subject clearly. Write us today for our "Book of Tests on Adver-

Write us *today* for our "Book of Tests on Advertising." It is free to General Advertisers, and to Mail Order Advertisers. Its price to all *others* is \$5.00 cash with order.

LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873

Largest Advertising Agency in America.

CHICAGO

NEW YORK



HY-JEN TOOTH PASTE

'Puts You In Good Humor With Yourself."

You don't know half the pleasure and luxury there is in tooth-brush time until you've been introduced to Hy-Jen Tooth Paste. Its smooth, fine texture and delicacy of flavor are exclusively "Hy-Jen" qualities. It makes a soft white foam that cleans and polishes the teeth gently and naturally, and leaves a cool, refreshing taste in the mouth. Carefully and uniformly made from the best grades of each ingredient, after the most approved ideas of modern dentistry, Hy-Jen Tooth Paste is always the dentifrice for careful people. You don't know half the pleasure

Special Introductory Offer

Ask your dealer for Hy-Jen Tooth Paste. If he doesn't have it, send us his name with 8c in postage and we will send you a full size 25c tube to try. This offer is open for 30 days only, and is made to prove to you how good Hy-Jen Tooth Paste really is.

"SECTIONAL BOOK CASES



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Roller bearing, non-binding doors, re-Roller bearing, non-binding doors, re-movable (to clean or replace broken glass) by simply unhooking. No un-sightly iron bands or protruding shelves. Cabinet work and finish the best Grand Rapids production. Sec-tions so nicely joined together the ap-pearance is that of a solid case.

Complete Catalogue sent FREE on request. Gunn Sectional Book Cases on sale by all leading furniture dealers or direct from the factory.

earded Gold Medal, World's Fair, St. Louis

Gunn Furniture Co., Grand Rapids,

Makers of Gunn Deaks and Filing Cabinets

6% Interest Paid on Deposits

Compounded Sami A

"Banking by Mail" on request.

EQUITABLE BANKING AND LOAN CO. MACON, GA.

GEO. A. SMITH, Pres.



We are ignition specialists. Our Apple Automatic Sparker is a portable storage battery charger that cares all ignition faults. All owners

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P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers. New York, 416-424 W. 13th St.; London, to Norfolk St., Strand, W. C., and The International New Co., § Breams Bidgs., Chancery Lane; Toronto, Yonge Street Arcade. Copyright 1905 by P. F. Collier & Son. Bittered at the New York Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the hirst copy of COLLERN'S will reach any new subscriber.

IO CENTS PER COPY

\$5.20 PER YEAR

NEW YORK SATURDAY JUNE 10 1905

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\$665,000,000

Paid to Policy-holders by The Mutual Life, or almost 200 Oldest in America Largest in the World millions more than any other company has paid.



THIS MAP SHOWS THE AMOUNTS PAID IN DEATH CLAIMS AND MATURED ENDOWMENTS ALONE, IN EACH STATE AND TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND IN CANADA, DURING THE ELEVEN YEARS ENDING DEC. 31, 1804.

Issues This Unique Contract Your Life Insured Besides Savings Bank Interest Guaranteed.

You begin to receive interest at the end of the first year.

These returns are guaranteed and will not be affected by decline in interest rates.

In addition to the above guarantees, the contract holder is entitled to dividends.

Write to-day for interesting information we wish to send you—showing for what moderate yearly payments this investment can be secured.

The Mutual Life

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK RICHARD A. McCurdy, President



Power **Economy**

Cadillac construction is so simple—so closely does it approach absolute perfection—that practically all energy the motor develops is used in an actual propelling force. This principle of economizing power—and hence minimizing the cost of maintenance—is the cost of maintenance—is the chief feature of Cadillac superiority.

economy, coupled with unfailing reliability, has placed the "Car that Climbs" in the front rank of motor vehicles. Of all automobiles it comes nearest to being actually trouble-proof.

You would be interested in our beautiful catalog—still more interested in seeing and trying a Cadillac at the near-est dealer's.

Write for booklet L and the dealer's address

Model F - Side-Entrance Touring Car shown above, \$950.

Model B-Touring Car with detachable Ton-neau, \$900. Model E-Light, stylish, powerful Runabout, divided seat, \$750.

Model D-Four Cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,800.

All prices f.o.b. Detroit.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO. Member A. L. A. M.



COMFORT IN SUMMER LIGHTING
As the days grow longer it is more and more important is
use the right illumination. If you have a system that
tree endless attention, that smokes and smells and make
importantly hot, you will find it more disagreeable as
the before you researce warm weather. This impute in the

EIGHTEEN CENTS

NO-UNDER-SHADOW

THE ANGLE MFG. CO., 78-80 Murray St., New York







The PROOF of Remington Supremacy:

It outsells every other Typewriter

The REASON for Remington Supremacy:

It outworks and outwears every other Typewriter



Remington

Typewriter Company

New York and Everywhere

AMS'SHAVING



What is your Face Worth?

Isn't it worth too much to take any chances with Shaving Soap?
Isn't it worth infinitely more than the small cost of Williams'
Shaving Soap—to always have it smooth and fair—and absolutely
safe from irritation and more serious troubles?

Better ask yourself these questions before you experiment with other soaps.

Williams' Shaving Stick, Shaving Tablets, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, etc. are sold everywhere.

VILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK (TRIAL SIZE) SENT FOR 4c. IN STAMPS. THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN. Write for "The Shavers' Guide and Correct Press"

Collier's THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE VENEZUELA SITUATION

"Give me a hand out of this, Uncle Sam."

"Not much. If I do, you may pull me in, and you are too dirty for any clean man to touch."



MONG SECRETARIES OF STATE, who have included some of America's greatest men, Mr. Hay's position, when history turns in her account, will be a high one. Among diplomats now living he, M. Delcassé, and the King of England form a class apart, unless the foreign policy of Japan may be more associated with one man's abilities than Western nations know. Sometimes men whose temperaments are different, and even uncongenial, work valuably as a team. Even if Mr. ROOSEVELT's strenuosity and love of violent incident should not prove soothing or alluring to Mr. HAY, and if the Secretary's calm and cultivated outlook should occasionally bore the President, both would doubtless recognize the wisdom of maintaining a combination the results of which have been so much to the country's credit. Mr. Hav's return will be welcomed with a seriousness and sincere confidence by the public that must be a deep satisfaction to any statesman. His popularity-if the word may be so used-is not of the noisy or even fervid kind. It is rather repose in his ability and clear judgment; it is a trust founded on the brilliant and yet cautious diplomacy which he has furnished under two Presidents.

THE PRESIDENT'S STAND on the immigration question in-

when Congress opens. The million poor foreigners who will have landed on these shores during the year ending June 30 are

more than the population of eighteen States, and more than the population of any American city save three. The quality

creases the probability that the issue may become a live one

of the present immigration is not generally deemed equal to what we used to receive from more northern countries, when, also, migration to this country was caused rather by personal energy and ambition than by steamship companies, foreign police officials, and American employers of cheap labor. The Italians, who now lead in numbers, are unmistakably wanted in the South, and the Italian Ambassador has been working hard to turn his countrymen toward the Southern States. A lawyer from New Orleans sends us an estimate that about ten million Italians would be welcome in the South. Some interesting TALIAN defences of the Italian character are made. secretary and treasurer of a New Jersey bank writes that in his city the members of the Italian colony have gained so enviable a reputation for honesty, industry, and enterprise that as borrowers they are preferred by some directors for their personal investments to any other class. "I am beginning to believe," he adds, "that the various races that Austria-Hungary and Italy are sending us have the making of a fine race of people, or rather that they are by no means unworthy to be added to the races that are already here. We need their robust health, their fine figures, their often handsome faces, their ideas of morality and honesty. In fact, Mr. Editor, it seems to me that we want to look into this matter before we turn this stream of immigration away. I did not always see this matter this way, and if you will come down and examine it at short range you may discover that you were near-sighted also."

ONE THING IS CERTAIN, apart from all questions of nationality in immigration. We do not desire diseased, criminal, or pauperized unfortunates sent over by the governments which are afflicted with them. The State Department has taken up the case of MARCUS BRAUN, who was fined by Austro-Hungarian authorities for investigating, as agent of the United States Government, the efforts of Austria-Hungary to send her criminals to America. He found that of 280 criminals liberated 180 had been sent to this country. In some communities money is furnished to help the criminals to America. A member of the I DEAS OF Hungarian Parliament scolded his Government for allowing these deported evil-doers to return when they had accumulated the amount they needed of American gold. Pauper children are sent over in care of fictitious "parents," who, as soon as the entrance is safely made, abandon their progeny on the streets. Women are provided with nominal husbands at the foot of the gangplank. Mr. HRAUN in his last report presented copies of a secret agreement between the Hungarian Government and the Cunard Line, in which the Hungarian Government agreed to deliver to the Cunard Line at the port of Fiume all the emigrants from Hungary at a fixed price. Tens of thousands

of foreigners, according to Mr. BRAUN, are permitted to emigrate to this country without the fumigation of their baggage as provided by law. Organized gangs of crooks stamp the emigrants' belongings with counterfeit Government labels. These counterfeits are accepted at Ellis Island without question, and luggage from European centres, scourged with bubonic plague, cholera, trachoma, small-pox, and the germs of fevers, are permitted to For this counterfeiting service the Italian gangs enter daily. charge \$1. None of these deeds are pretty, and it is hard to choose in degree of unpleasantness between the introduction of disease and the custom, charged against several European countries, of promising convicted criminals immunity from punishment if they will emigrate to this country, or if their relatives will send them here. An education test, and the President's \$25 suggestion, are both likely to receive serious consideration at next winter's session.

THE NUMBER OF JAPANESE to enter California, according to the State Bureau of Statistics, in the first four months of 1905, was 2,425, as against 298 departing, or a net increase of 2,127. We have learned something about the value of Japanese traits of late, but even waiving that point, the number is too small to justify the noise made by certain politicians, labor leaders, and newspapers on the Pacific Coast. The people at large in that neighborhood, we are inclined to think, are not much stirred about the matter, and the landowners and fruit-growers are many of them much in favor of the Japanese. What there is of hostility is apparently centred mainly in San Francisco. The fruit industry in California has a yearly output of some \$50,000,000, and to get this crop to market Japanese labor is relied upon to a considerable extent. This being true, agitation of a serious nature against the Japanese will hardly arise, even on the Slope, with the influx at its present slight amount, and with the probability that Japan's development elsewhere will make it even less; the Japanese Government, with its characteristic wisdom, having recently taken a distinct stand against emigration to this country.

A JAPANESE INFUSION might or might not increase certain virtues of which our supply is short. The effect of mingling races is a topic on which the most scientific opinion is mainly vagueness or guesswork. RENAN, for instance, wrote a brilliant essay of which the purport was that the term race was an expression almost void of meaning. Nationality, which is a reality, is created by experience, tradition, needs, climate, and a thousand circumstances. How far American nervousness, let us say, is the effect of climate, and how far, therefore, it is inevitable, it would be absurd to guess. Sir Fred- OF JAPAN ERICK TREVES has given his conviction that the Japanese have no "nerves," although they are full of "verve," and he says the word nerves is incapable of translation into Japanese. Nerve in Greek, Latin, and early English meant sinew, and nervous meant strong, our use of the word beginning to creep into general use only after the day of Johnson's Dictionary. The longer Japan gets along without needing the expression to describe a characteristic of her people, the more cause for thankfulness to the gods who rule her destiny.

THE RATHER SHOCKING FAILURE of the Merchants' Trust Company may have one satisfying consequence, in making it harder for the Equitable to chloroform the feeble efforts at in-The Merchants' Company should not have failed. It is the kind of organization which has no right to fail. Such episodes are born of greed, not of ignorance or misfortune. are punishment for breaches of fidelity, and the punishment, following the nature of this universe, fulls largely the innocent. The Superintendent of Banking knew for two years of the Merchants' instability, rich investors knew, so it was only the poor who went under in the debris. Everybody sees how this incident bears upon the Equi-table. If the troubles are plastered over, some distant day may see a crash in which hundreds of thousands will pass suddenly from security to ruin. If investigation is public and complete, improvement in methods will be forced. What is the matter with the Attorney-General? Is he receiving instructions from Governor Higgins or from Mr. MARRIMAN?

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THE MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA and the Governor of Pennsylvania offer somewhat instructive contrasts at present. Mayor Weaver is a weak-kneed human being, who has, however, been spurred into a contest with the machine which created him. Oblivious to prayer, he was driven by fury in the populace. The Governor is made of sterner stuff. No backsliding for him. To Quay he owed his existence, and to the machine and memory of Quay he will be faithful. Immortal as the man who failed to gag the press, he adds a little laurel to his wreath by signing a bill to spend \$20,000 of the people's money in

PENNSYLVANIA celebration of Quay, at the same time vetoing a small appropriation for Molly Pitcher, whose gallant little share in the Revolution is at least a picturesque trifle in our history. Governor Pennypacker, in big things and little, has made a failure of his job. Mayor Weaver was sent by Providence into the world without much strength of spinal structure, but by taking the right side in a flagrant crisis he has at least done something to redeem himself, and incidentally his city and his State. Such reckless theft as Philadelphia lawyers, business men, and politicians combine to perpetrate sends the feeling for municipal ownership forward in enormous strides.

 $M^{R.\ TAFT}$ AND MR. ROOSEVELT have no easy course ahead of them in the asphalt scandal. Mr. Bowen's own doom has apparently been sealed for many weeks. He has never been popular with the President or the other leading officials in Washington, and his free use of rumor in the LOOMIS case was a final straw. The more delicate decision relates to Mr. Looms. Of course, if the investigation which is being held should result in uncovering anything actually dishonest, the President's action would be clear. If it should be entirely favorable, the decision to stand by Mr. Loomis would be equally certain, although just what to do with him might not be so easy to determine. The greatest difficulty will be if Mr. Loomis, who is very popular in Washington, in the highest places, is found to have been guilty not of anything that could be called unmistakably dishonest, but of indiscretions which throw at least a shadow on his conduct as an official. If this happens, the President might give him a diplomatic post abroad, by the chain of reasoning that promoted Judge Kohlsaat, lest the people think his delinquencies greater than they were; but we hope a better solution, if such should be the case, will occur to him-one fair to Mr. Loomis and more wholesome in influence on the standards set for political

THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN CENSORED by a management of the Mestern hunting trip, and the periodical which contained the THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN CENSURED by a magazine for comment has been prohibited in the schools of Washington for its insult to the nation's chief, an act, it is to be feared, more noticeable for patriotism than for sense. Violent censure for a practice at present accepted almost universally by the human race will hardly hurt the President, nor would an equally fervid essay on cruelty to fish destroy the reputation of Mr. CLEVELAND. This is one of the topics on which experts in ethical cerebration are likely to remain at sea. From killing mosquitoes to slaughtering beef, and from sport to vivisection, a long line of points can be discovered at which the gospel of Darwin and the religion of mercy can stand and make plausible repartees. What is ac-knowledged to be at once unnecessary and cruel is frequent enough to exercise the intelligently humane. The Italians, who beat horses "because they are not Christians," hardly surpass certain practices which are carried on regularly in America. Fire horses, for instance, noblest of their kind in past use and in appearance, are sold by fire departments to make a slight addition to a pension fund. "Say, observed a captain recently, "if a horse has anything left in him, we never let him go." Pointing to one be said, "Weak hindquarters, his trouble. He ever gets down, no knowing when he'll get up. They say the old man's been keeping him in slings for a month, waiting for the sale." A sorrel, who once carried his chief, after eight years in the service brought just \$10. He could barely hobble, one hind leg was useless, and he was bleeding in the quarter. Horses, being capable of earning money until they drop, suffer more bitter cruelty than any other animal enslaved to the purposes of man.

ADVANCE IN HUMANITY is marked by the decree of China's Emperor abolishing judicial torture, a step which illustrates the Dowager Empress's openness to Western and modern ideas. This old lady, often described as reactionary, seems really to be a liberalizing element in Chinese life. She has been very cruel in her day, but her mind is alert and reads the times. Her use of automobiles and encouragement of European dress are external trifles that go with a comprehension of changing essentials also. She sees much of foreigners, and takes their views with some of the enthusiasm which is natural to her and which she once put into flogging unruly inhabitants to death. The new decree abolishes all cruel forms of judicial death, and also the practice of using torture to induce confession, one of the most idiotic as well as one of the most horrible activities ever invented by the human race. The belief that Orientals are necessarily cruel is deep seated in many Western brains, but this step of the

astute old lady who is China's ruling force indicates strik-

ingly that almost every year puts another form of cruelty out

of date. In that respect, at least, is progress real.

SUBSCRIBER DEMANDS an answer categorical about the A sinfulness of war. He will acquiesce in no evasion. wishes our speech to be ay, ay, and nay, nay. No ifs and ands or other complexities for him. No virtue in your if. Those readers, however, who follow the ponderings and gropings of these pages know that to the editorial temperament of COLLIER's the world is not so simple. There must be a certain comfort in being absolutely convinced on such large topics, but the comfort is denied to us. War is still necessary. That is all we know, and we are not even sure what we should think of its entire abolition. Restricting its occasions, on the other hand, is one of the best modern accomplishments. Japan has been bitterly handicapped in her present inevitable and righteous war by the lack of a handful more of battleships. The most practical war question before our own people now is how many fighting ships we need. We must be prepared for war, but not too well prepared. To balance conflicting considerations such as these is the fate of statesmen, voters, and other mortals, although it is with regret that we fail our reader in his desire for clearness and his appetite for certainty.

THIS EDITORIAL WILL MAKE TROUBLE. It is nevertheless our function to keep pounding at certain conspicuous hypocrisies, and such pounding will remain a portion of our weekly exercise. It is not that we have any hostility to individuals. It is merely that we wish preachers to the people to say what they believe firmly enough to have their beliefs affect their acts. No other belief is real or worth the preaching. The yellow journals grind out too much virtue by the ton. Brisbane argues against too great publicity in such proceedings as the NAN PATTERSON murder trial, and the first three pages in his paper for many days were given up almost absolutely to that episode. He preaches tirelessly against race-track gambling, and he prints professional tips and advertisements such as this: "A Sure System to win at the races. Address by letter, C. Jones, I Ann Street." The charge for this is small, but every little helps to defray the HEARST expenses, including Mr. Brisbane's salary. "The race-tracks," says this brilliant yellow editor, "are open gambling hells, maintained in defiance of the State Constitution by We shall continue to emvirtue of a law passed corruptly. phasize this statement at intervals as long as the vicious race-track gambling continues—as long as a few dissipated race-track 'gentlemen' are permitted to maintain a gambling hell, that clerks, stealing from their employers, may pay the of their 'gentlemanly sport.' " How noble! Will Mr. Mr. Bars-BANE print the rate for sure-thing gambling tips in the "Evening Journal," his own salary, and the salary of the gentleman who tells his readers, for one cent, the day's best beta? Let us be a little honest with our readers and ourselves. Either we believe in a certain sacrifice or we do not. If we can not resist the price of racing advertising, or the circulation caused by racing tips, let us not be too lofty and scornful about the penple who attend the races or the human beings who conduct them.

By THE Great Northern Railway

Lewis Clark Lowis Clark Lowis Clark

A Succession of Scenic Surprises

Through a

Land of Opportunity

if your tickets read via the

Great Northern Railway

"THE COMFORTABLE WAY"

Liberal Stop-Over Privileges

Permit you to visit the famous lakepark region of Minnesota, Lake Macdonald, Montana (the Switzerland of America), lovely Lake Chelan, Wash., the beautiful Puget Sound region and witness the vast resources and opportunities of the Northwest.

TWO THROUGH TRAINS DAILY

Send 2 cents postage for handsomely illustrated booklet, "A Camera Journey to the Lewis & Clark Exposition," or, for illustrated bulletin of Minnesota, Montana, North Dakota or Washington to

F. I. WHITNEY
Passenger Traffic Manager
ST. PAUL, MINN.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY